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MATITA

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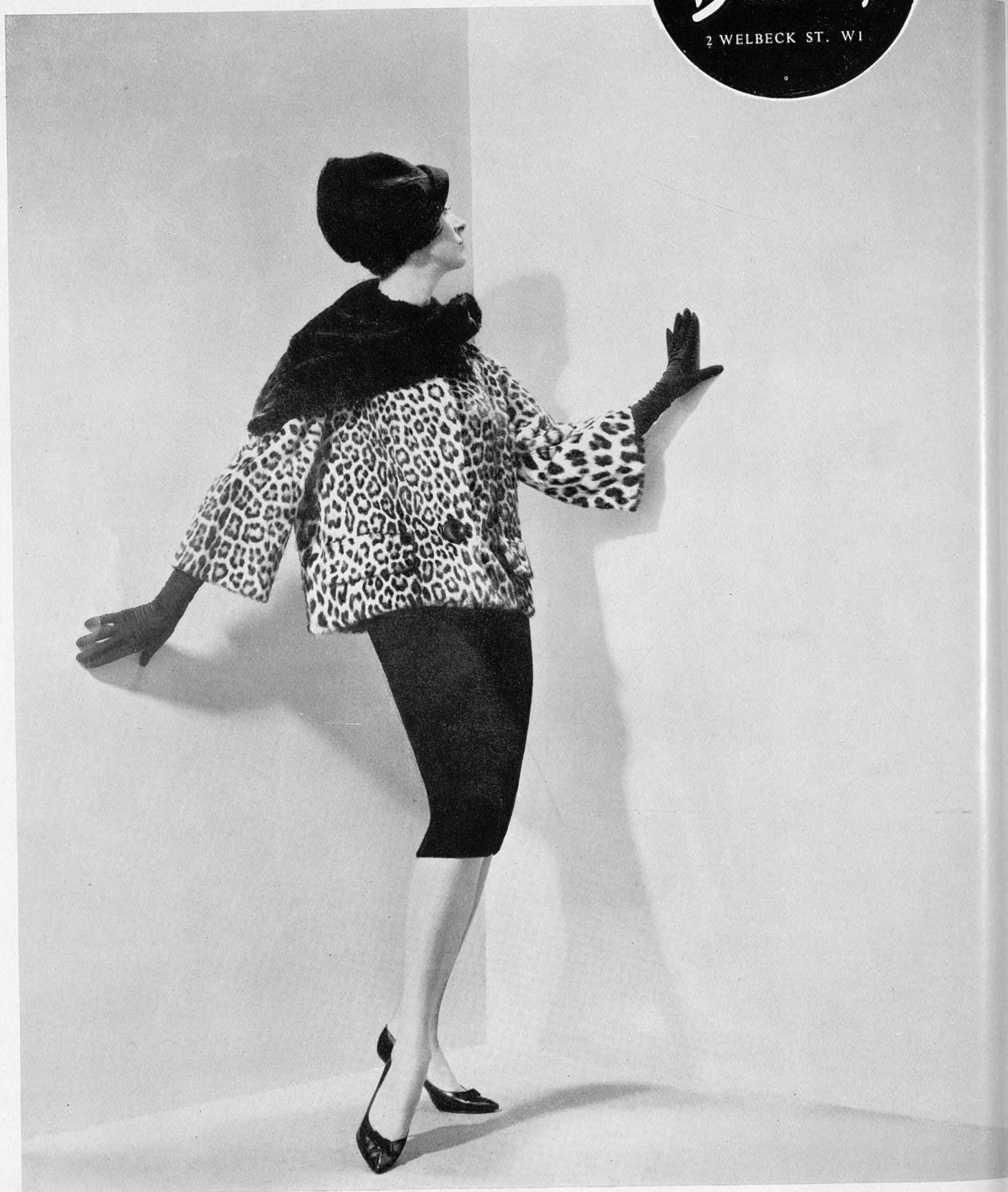
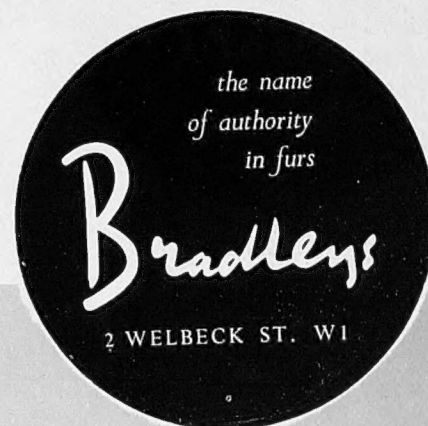
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Volume CCXXXVIII Number 3085

12 OCTOBER 1960

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SOME MATTERS OF TASTE



Among the wares of New London, a 'jumper' of soft black calf with low hipline belt worn over a straight black wool skirt (A Polly Peck model at Chanelle, Knightsbridge; County Clothes, Cheltenham; Cyril Livingstone, Leeds, 13½ gns). The black melusine hat edged with black calf is an Otto Lucas (at Debenham & Freebody, W.1). Coloured quill pens from Halcyon Days, Brook Street, W.1. Cover photographed by JOHN COLE

Who forms taste? In women's fashion it is still the designers of Paris who wield the greatest influence. But lately Florence and Rome have muscled in, and London, too, is beginning to make itself felt.

Next month the Fashion House Group of London is holding a show that will bring buyers from all parts of the world. They will be shown all kinds of original designs obtainable only from the London fashion businesses belonging to this group (for a full list see page 101), and these London clothes will soon be worn in many countries. Meanwhile, in this issue you can have a preview of next month's show. Against a background of delightful prints of the cries of old London, John Cole has photographed *Cries of New London* (page 92 onwards), a selection of clothes from the Fashion House Group of London. . . .

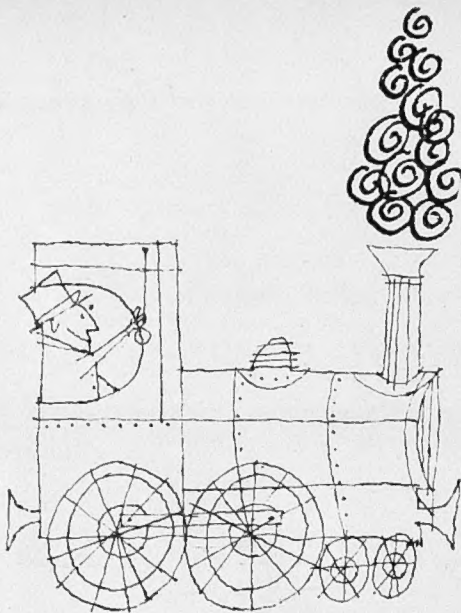
Pursuing the question of who forms taste into other fields, this issue also presents *The Taste Masters* (page 84), in which John Cowan identifies and photographs some of the individuals with wide-ranging influence on what we all like—or at any rate get offered. Missing from the list is Pablo Picasso, but if Londoners have not had enough of him lately, there's tonight's sale at Sotheby's, discussed by Alan Roberts in his *Galleries* column (page 109) . . . The critics, of course, help to form taste, because, even if the public goes to see things they panned, the impresarios sooner or later stop courting bad notices. Presumably this applies in the world of serious music too, in which case Spike Hughes has done his share of taste-formin. He weighs in with another stint this week: *Fair to muddling* (page 83), a survey of the opera outlook this season.

An acquired taste (but with an international following): Art Buchwald, the American's guide to Paris, who rarely ventures outside that city or outside the *New York Herald Tribune*. Making two exceptions, he is off home to the States to report the Presidential election this autumn and he is making an appearance in *The Tatler* this week. He is at his funniest on page 89 in *The Bank Thief*, illustrated by Jack Whitsett. . . .

Next week: The Motor Show number. . . .

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SIRIOL CLARRY



GOING PLACES

SOCIAL

Autumn Ball, 14 October, Sutton Place, Guildford (by permission of Mr. Paul Getty), in aid of the St. John Ambulance Brigade in Surrey. Tickets: 3 gns. from the Secretary, St. John House, Woodbridge Road, Guildford. Tel.: Guildford 67163.

Trafalgar Fair, 20 October, 11 a.m. to 9 p.m., Londonderry House, Park Lane, W.1.

Hallowe'en Ball, 28 October, Tidworth House, in aid of Andover, Kingsclere & Whitchurch Division, British Red Cross Society. Tickets: £1 5s. until 19 October, thereafter £1 10s. from Mrs. F. R. Clark, Postgrove House, Andover.

Michaelmas Ball, 28 October, Wentworth Club, in aid of Ascot, Sunninghill & Sunningdale District, N.S.P.C.C. Tickets: 2 gns. from Mrs. John Fleming, Hazelbury, Ascot.

SPORT & SHOWS

Rugby: Southern Counties v. South Africans, Brighton, 22 October.

Race meetings: Cheltenham, 12, 13; Newmarket, 12-15; Stockton, Fontwell Park, Market Rasen, 15; Wolverhampton, 15, 17; Hurst

Park, 17-19; Worcester, 19; Stratford-on-Avon, 20; Newbury, 20-22.

Golf: Ladies' match, Royal Mid-Surrey v. Roehampton, 13 October; Ladies' Championship Challenge Cups, Roehampton, 19, 20 October.

Horse Trials: Chatsworth, Derbyshire, 15 October; Army trials, Tidworth, Hants, 22 October.

Angling: Ramsgate Boat Festival, 15-17 October.

Richmond Championship Dog Show, Olympia, 15 October.

Dairy Show, Olympia, 25 October. **Royal Ulster Show**, Belfast, to 14 October.

Royal Jersey Show, 19 October.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera: Gala performance, *La Sonnambula*, in the presence of the Queen, Prince Philip, and the King & Queen of Nepal, 19 October, 9.15 p.m. Opera season opens 21 October. (cov 1066.)

Sadler's Wells Opera: *Tannhauser*, tonight & 15 October; *Tosca*, 13 October; *La Traviata*, 14 October. New production, *The Nightingale*, and *Oedipus Rex*, 25 October, 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall: London Phil-

harmonic Orchestra, with Segovia (guitar), and Josephine Veasey (soprano), 8 p.m., 13 October; Japan National Radio Orchestra, 8 p.m., 18 October. (WAT 3191.)

ART

The Blue Rider Group, Tate Gallery, Millbank, S.W.1, until 30 October. **Lady of Fashion**: Heather Firbank (1888-1954) and what she wore between 1908 & 1921, Victoria & Albert Museum, S.W.7, until 4 December.

Prunella Clough (paintings & drawings), Whitechapel Gallery, E.1, until 30 October. (See Verdicts, p. 109.)

FESTIVALS

Swansea Festival of Music & Arts, to 25 October.

Stroud Religious Drama & Arts Festival, to 16 October.

Folk Music Festival, Cecil Sharp House, Regent's Park Road, 14, 15 October.

Little Missenden Festival of Music, Art & Literature, 14-16 October.

Bach Festival, Bath, 22-29 October.

AUCTION SALES

Sotheby's: Chinese treasures from the Kitson collection, including Imperial picnic boxes, 18 October. **Christie's**: Pictures & drawings of the 19th century, 14 October; Violins, Russian Icons, works by Fabergé, 18 October.

FAIR

Chelsea Antiques Fair, Town Hall, Chelsea, to 15 October.

FIRST NIGHTS

Piccadilly Theatre. *The Playboy Of The Western World*, 12 October.

Royal Court Theatre. *Platonov*, 13 October.

Strand Theatre. *Settled Out Of Court*, 19 October.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 103.

Horses In Midstream. "... rather muddled comedy ... saturated rather too richly with the pure milk of human kindness but nevertheless gay and amusing." Françoise

Rosay, Malcolm Keen, Jayne Muir, John Arnatt. (Vaudeville Theatre, TEM 4871.)

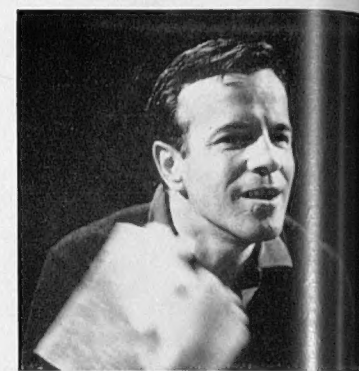
A Man For All Seasons. "... difficult stage biography done honestly and with a quiet distinction ... quietly compelling ... much to enjoy." Paul Scofield, Andrew Keir, Leo McKern. (Globe Theatre, GER 1592.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 104.

G.R. = General release
Ocean's 11. "... an ingenious scheme for robbing five Las Vegas casinos simultaneously on the lines of a military operation ... our own *League Of Gentlemen* was much more fun." Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin,

BARRY SWAEBE



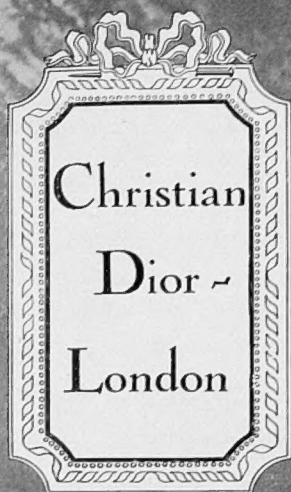
FRANCO ZEFFRELLI, *Florentine director of Romeo & Juliet now at the Old Vic, is well known to London audiences for his productions of Lucia di Lammermoor, and Cav. & Pag. at Covent Garden. In Italy he produced Maria Callas in La Traviata, and has worked with Vittorio De Sica and Rossellini*

Sammy Davis, Jr., Richard Conte. **G.R.**

Bells Are Ringing. "... gives Miss Judy Holliday, an absolute darling, a chance to repeat her stage success on the screen ... the musical numbers are agreeable, if slight, and the supporting cast impeccable." Judy Holliday, Dean Martin. **G.R.**

BRIGGS by Graham





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GOING PLACES LATE

Douglas
Sutherland

TIME WAS WHEN DINERS IN THE Colony could take a back door route into the Astor. This happy arrangement no longer exists, for the two places are now under separate managements. Mr. Bertie Green owns the Astor Club and I ran across him lunching in (you've guessed it) Harry Morris's Colony Restaurant. As a new competitor in the top entertainment bracket he let me into some of the secrets of how top clubs can pay top money for top stars.

This week the Laurie Sisters open at the Astor for a fee of 2,000 dollars a week. Green won't be there to see their act. He has flown to Las Vegas with Leslie Grade to buy star names who will appear at the Astor in a package deal with commercial television appearances.

Leslie Grade is, of course, the

brother of Lew Grade and between them they can afford to pay the sort of fee international names demand to cross the Pond.

This tie-up means big business for ebullient Bertie Green whose Astor Club can only have half the capacity of his late-night competitors in Piccadilly and Leicester Square, about whose activities I have been writing recently. Green tells me that this development will not mean an increase in prices at the Astor, but is all part of his policy to make the club one of the big names in late-night show business.

Another place under new management is the White Elephant, a late-night eating club which has taken over the premises of what used to be the Wardroom Club in Curzon Street. It is one of those exclusive "hard-to-join" clubs that does not

price the menu to what they think their theatrical star-names membership list can afford. Indeed, I feel tempted to publish their set 15s. 6d. luncheon menu as an example to neighbours on what can be done if you really try. Instead, I shall merely say that Italian chef Paoletti produces a meal that compares favourably with most of the expensive West End rendezvous.

I think the secret of the success of the White Elephant is that the proprietors, Leslie Linder and Victor Brusa, do not rate their members as names who appear on a company expense account but as a lot of nice guys who have to pay for their own meal out of their own pockets. The fact that most of them are blocking up the parking meters in Curzon Street with their Bentleys makes no difference to the philosophy. Even the wine is cheap: 42s. for a good non-vintage champagne and 18s. for an excellent Macon sets an example I would like to see followed by a lot of restaurateurs with empty tables during the expense-account 12 noon to 3 p.m. rush hour.

Which reminds me that I have been writing a lot about prices lately around the West End. Because this is essentially a polite column, I feel a little bit in sym-

pathy with *The Times* sports writer of the 1890s who got into a Victorian tizzy about the number of catches dropped at Lord's. "The next time this occurs," he thundered, "I shall name the offender." Meanwhile I shall also be answer-



American comedienne Jean Carroll is a current attraction in Savoy cabaret

ing queries next week about places to meet before going on late. This is a real problem, and I shall report on some of the smarter bars and club rendezvous in Mayfair's Square Mile.



GOING PLACES TO EAT

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

The Forum, 51 Chancery Lane. (HOL 1927.) C.S. Here at lunchtime Fleet Street personalities, men of law and overseas visitors sit side by side in a bright, cheerful restaurant. The cooking is Anglo-Italian and good; it would be difficult to go away hungry. Each day has its special dish. Fully licensed. W.B. lunch.

Akropolis, 24 Percy Street, W.1. (MUS 2289.) The ouzo and retsina are up to average, the taramasalata, served as it should be, well above it. So is the lamb pilaff and the coffee. It is, in fact, a small, comfortable, well-appointed restaurant concentrating on real Greek cooking at reasonable prices. An adequate meal costs about 20s. per head, including coffee but excluding wine.

De Vere Hotel, Kensington, W.8. (KNI 0051.) It got a "Come to Britain" Award certificate of commendation for enterprise in tourism in 1959. Mr. Robert Lush has spent £75,000 on making it one of the

most attractive and up-to-date hotels in London. The dining-room, its décor a blend of soft green and dark red, is an ideal place for a quiet, intimate evening. The food is good, and the avocado pear with prawns converted me to that fruit.

Nick's Diner, 88 Ifield Road (between the Fulham and Old Brompton roads), S.W.10. (FLA 0930.) Open 7.30 a.m. to 11.30 p.m. C.S. The nearest thing I have found in London to a real *bistro*. Young Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Clarke have gone all out to provide good food for other young people at moderate prices. There are no frills. The menu is on a blackboard and includes home-made *pâté*, omelettes, *steak au poivre* or sausages and mash. It's completely democratic. Young men in the City, with their girl friends and wives, sit down with the local boys and girls and enjoy one another's company. Take your own bottle.

Boulestin, 25 Southampton Street, Strand. (TEM 7061.) C.S. With its almost ecclesiastical quiet, its

sombre but restful décor, this is a gastronomic shrine—the creation of a man who became journalist, soldier and finally a great restaurateur. His personality lives on under the direction of Mr. Joseph Barnett. Boulestin is expensive, but the food and wines are outstanding. You are welcome both before and after the theatre. W.B.

Debry Fils, 191 Brompton Road, S.W.3. (KEN 2733.) Though this restaurant, established 64 years ago, serves luncheons, dinners and light suppers, it is best known for its *pâtisserie*. The *gâteau* made with kirsch is something special. Open until 11 p.m. and is a pleasant place for those who do not enjoy *espresso* bars.

The Carvery, Regent Palace Hotel. (REG 7000.) Open Monday-Saturday 12.15-2.30 p.m. and Monday-Friday evenings inclusive 5.30-8.00 p.m. C.S. Here you carve for yourself from a selection of top quality joints. The other two courses, in a meal that costs 12s. 6d. at lunchtime and, with certain additional dishes, 15s. in the evening, are excellent. This was a bold experiment which has paid off. The vegetables are among the best-cooked in London, and the small wine list is well chosen. W.B.

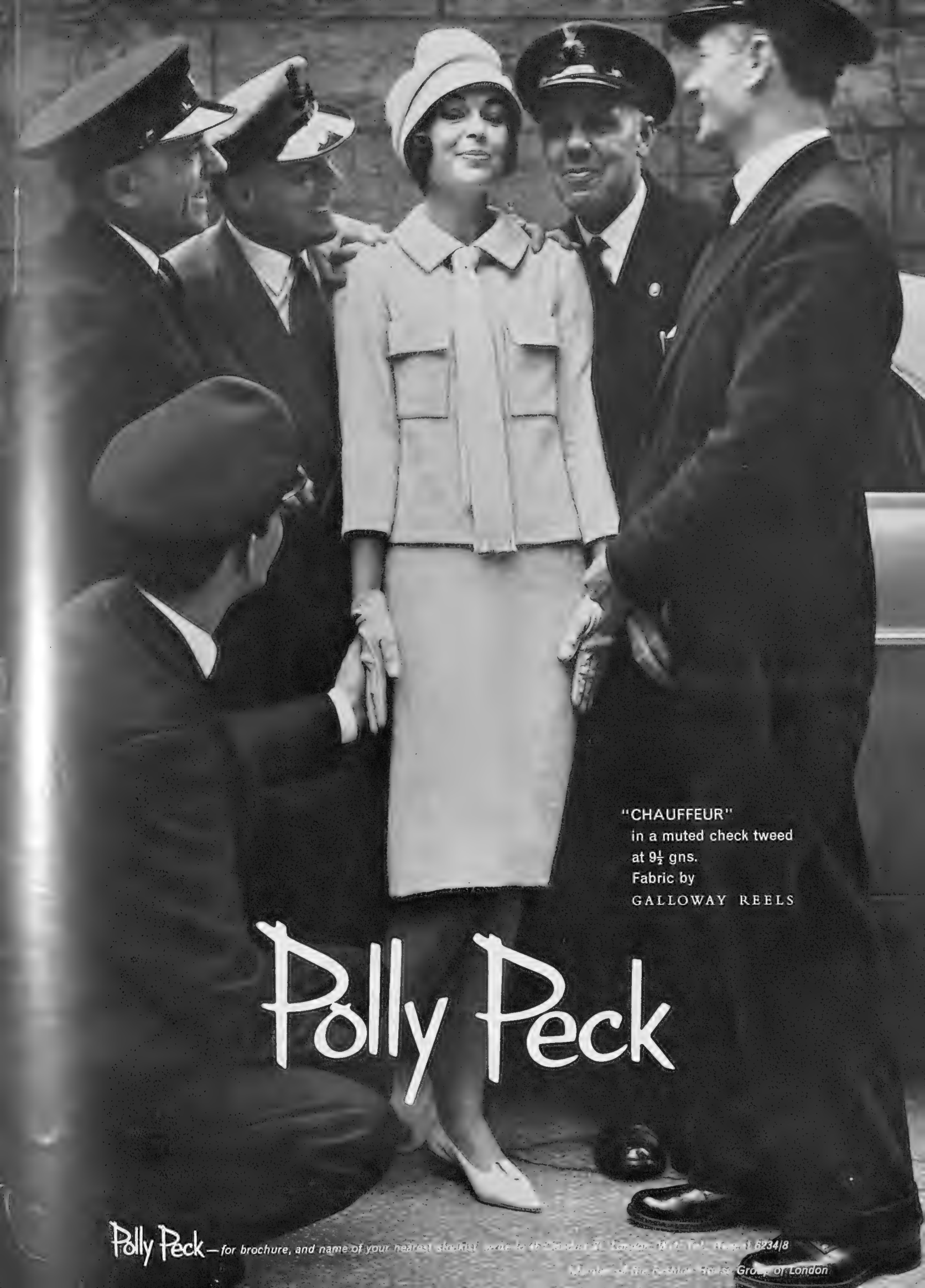
The Apricot Room, Kenya Coffee House, Caltex House, Brompton Road. (KNI 2099.) Open 9 a.m. to midnight, seven days a week. Take your own bottle. No corkage

charge. One of the dishes well in the running for my private 1960 *Prix d'Honneur* is their Steak Fondue: you cook *mignons* of steak yourself over the lamp and savour them with curried and garlic mayonnaise, chili and other delights.

Samuel Whitbread, Leicester Sq. (TRA 2412.) C.S. Some years ago Whitbreads published an admirable book, *Receipts & Relishes*, listing famous traditional and regional dishes. This restaurant now provides many of these dishes, and well cooked, too. The menu usually includes potted grouse, Judges Circuit soup, Cromwellian boiled fowl, and star-gazy pie. It is the only place, outside the brewery, where one can drink the splendid Britannia Bitter. W.B.

According to Dutrey

In 1938 Marius Dutrey, now *maitre chef* at the Westbury Hotel, wrote his famous *Calendrier Gastronomique*. A new and revised edition has just come out (Frederick Books, 30s.). To anyone who can read French it is a fascinating book and a clear-cut guide to fine cooking. It contains also suggested menus for the different months, and some eaten on famous occasions. These include Christmas Day, 1870, the 99th day of the siege of Paris, and the meal served to General de Gaulle by M. Dutrey at the Langham Hotel on June 18, 1940, before his historic radio appeal to the French nation.

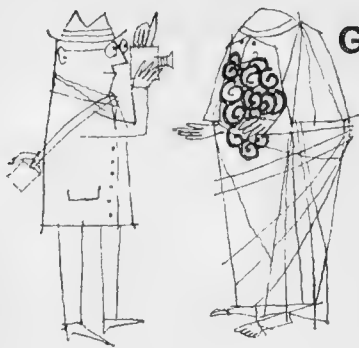


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GOING PLACES ABROAD

Doone
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Caribbean character

APART from the well-known stamping grounds of Nassau and Jamaica, the West Indian islands that fascinate an increasing number of people are the little ones strung in a necklace from Puerto Rico in the north of the Caribbean, down to Trinidad, just off the Venezuelan coast.

The most important resorts are Barbados, Tobago, Antigua and the American St. Croix. Barbados leads in the sophistication stakes by quite a length. Its west coast beach at St. James is as near platinum-coloured as any I've seen, with exotic lumps of pink and green coral by way of pebbles. It is lined with beautifully decorated hotels, landscaped terraces, and the type of service that brings a rum punch at the lift of an eyebrow. There are open-air night clubs over the sea (like the Club Morgan and Coconut Creek), masses of bars, excellent shops. Yet in spite of the gloss, the old Georgian capital of Bridgetown remains, like many West Indian capitals, as English as Devonshire cream. Nelson's statue, and harbour police still dressed as they were in his day, preside over a harbour full of sailing schooners. Barbadian fishwives gut the glittering fish on the quayside. But the high street has all the decorum of Tiverton, and I'm not sure there isn't a Boots' library.

Tobago is tropical in the traditional and expected sense: palms, cocoa and coconut, banana trees, flamboyants, poinsettia and the perpetually glorious hibiscus. Its main beaches are at the flattish, coral end of the island, near the airport, as, also, are the best hotels. Speyside, at the opposite end, has one simple hotel but in my opinion the most spectacular of the scenery. It is mountainous as well as tropical, with steep, white sanded little bays. A recently-built motor road runs via the delightful fishing settlement of Charlotteville along the quite wild north coast. Another interesting trip is out to Buccoo Reef, where, waist-deep in water though about a mile out to sea, you

can watch the amazing little tropical fish through a visor. Stronger stuff in the way of deep sea fishing can be laid on by any of the hotels. Tobago's chief town of Scarborough is a bit one-eyed. Evening and night life revolves mostly around the hotels, with steel band dancing somewhere most evenings.

Antigua is fast evolving from retreat to resort. It, too, has wonderful bleached-white beaches and it is a matter of some regret that new hotels have now been built on some of the best. Here, the town of St. John's, with its gingerbread-balconied houses, *does* have character, though neither shops nor restaurants would set the world on fire. See it at dusk, when the sunset melts over the harbour and the smell of curry, coconut chips and newly-baked bread floats from every other doorway, and native women squat beside flare-lit stalls tending piles of limes, guavas and grapefruit. Perhaps Antigua's most romantic spot is the landlocked English Harbour, containing Nelson's house and dockyard, and a fleet of yachts for charter. The landscape, for the most part, is open: a sort of tropical Somerset, with cotton replacing the turnips. Its climate, like that of Barbados, is bone-dry, breezy and sunny—not typically tropical. Entertainment after dark is again confined to the steel bands, but Antigua has one of the best: the *Brute Force*, which performs with an agreeable lack of inhibition at the Lord Nelson.

St. Croix, last on my list of the real resort islands, is to the Americans what Barbados is to the British: nostalgia. It is pure New England, both in its landscape and in its people. St. Cruzians are considered by the neighbouring inhabitants of the more brightly-lit St. Thomas to be stuffy, but I did not think so and I loved the island. It has great grace, and a certain air of solidarity. Splendid old plantation houses, rolling acres of sugar cane, isolated mills. Once a Danish possession, it has always been rich. The old town of Christiansted is colonnaded

and cool with 18th-century buildings clustering down to a beautiful little harbour. There are some excellent shops, restaurants and bars. St. Thomas has even more shops, night clubs and bars, but for me it hasn't the charm or, with the exception of Bluebeard's Beach, the swimming to be had from St. Croix.

Of the less developed islands, Grenada and St. Lucia are on the regular air route, St. Vincent still relies for communications upon either boats or a solitary, gallant seaplane. Grenada is the easiest of these islands on which to stay. It has no great hotels (though the Santa Maria has a wonderful situation), but it is a fascinating island to explore. At St. Georges is the loveliest of the harbours and among the spice plantations, the old sugar mills, the water wheels and the dense, scrub-covered hills, is some of the most beautiful landscape. Beaches, too—the two-mile stretch at Grand Anse is all pure coral sand and deep, cobalt-coloured water.

St. Lucia is distinguished by the famous conical hills of Gros and Petit Piton, and by an airstrip with a beach at one end and a graveyard at the other. Buffeted 14 times between French and British rule, it now has a pleasantly split personality and can offer some interesting Creole food (try the Blue Danube in Castries) and a venture or two in night life (as the sailors' bar of the Piccadilly Club). It is one of the lush islands, and climatically quite tropical. Apart from an interesting new cottage development at Marigot Bay, accommodation is scarcely above guest-house level.

Martinique is truly French. Apart from Diamond Beach and one or two others, most of the sand is grey and volcanic but one visits Martinique to explore rather than to beach-comb. See the little fishing village at Belle Fontaine, the grass-grown ruins of St. Pierre (destroyed by the eruption of Mont Pelée in 1902). Drive through the thick jungle interior where Gauguin painted, up to hills as rugged as any in Scotland. Like its neighbour Guadeloupe, Martinique has virtually no colour bar. Its people are paler, more advanced, better-looking than those of some of the other islands. Contrary to the unhappy distinctions still made in Barbados, one can visit any one of the cafés and restaurants and enjoy some notably good food as well as something you might well have been starved

of: French cheeses and wines.

In the Leeward group to the north, Montserrat, Nevis and St. Kitts are all within sight of Antigua (you can fly to them). Politically advanced, commercially rich, St. Kitts was the background to Alee Waugh's novel, *Island in the Sun*. It is not a resort island, but it has great character. The inhabitants run to some rather splendid houses and a racehorse or two. The fortress at Brimstone Hill, was remarkably built with (more or less) willing labour from the plantations. From the top of the hill, there is a superb sight, framed by polished black cannon, of the Dutch island of St. Eustatius, rising sharp out of the sea beyond the green-sugar shores of St. Kitts.

Nevis is just across the water, and from a distance it looks, with its formal, cloud-capped peak,



indivisible from the sister island. Once a Regency watering place, it still has an atmosphere of faded grandeur. A quite incongruous building housing the hot sulphur baths stands sentinel on a hillside dotted with stilted, palm-tatched native houses. In its present state, Nevis is still a beachcombers' island with the quaintly primitive little straggle of Charlestown and miles of undeveloped beaches. So far, there are only two new hotels—Golden Rock Estate and Beachlands Guest House.

Montserrat, the third island of this group, is absolutely Irish. It was colonized by them from St. Kitts in 1632, and the natives (still so shy that they run at the sight of a camera) talk with a soft Afro-Irish brogue. Its landscape is ruggedly beautiful, interspersed with lush fruit and vegetable plantations. It has a solitary hotel called the Crescent Hill and you can stay there for 30s. a day with all food. It has some good beaches and is delightful to explore.

British West Indian Airways operate within the Caribbean area in conjunction with B.O.A.C. From London to Trinidad, the Economy return fare is £264 18s. by jet, or £242 8s. by turbo-prop Britannia, via either Bermuda or New York.



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Weddings

Gibson—Downham: Alison Sara, younger daughter of Dr. & Mrs. R. G. Gibson, of Kings Worthy, Winchester, Hampshire, married Michael Anthony Philip Shaw, only son of Mr. & Mrs. P. R. S. Downham, of Wimbledon Close, London, S.W.20, at St. Mary's Church, Kings Worthy



Roberts—Forman: Tamsin, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Roberts, of Corfe Castle, Dorset, married Capt. Brian Forman, Army Air Corps, son of Lt.-Col. A. N. Forman, M.C., & Mrs. Forman, of Callander, Perthshire, at the Parish Church, Corfe Castle



Miller—Walker: Ursula Lesley, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. L. Miller, The Grange, Shotton, Warwickshire, married Clive Hamilton, only son of Col. S. H. Walker, & of Mrs. Charles Buhler, of Rosebank, Johannesburg, at Holy Trinity, Stratford-on-Avon

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FINE FEATHERS

were worn at Blickling Hall for Mrs. Thelma De Chair's fashion show

....FINE BIRDS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DESMOND O'NEILL

were bagged, despite side winds and rain, in the year's first pheasant shoot there

Back from the shoot, the guns (Mr. Peter De Chair and the Hon. Miles Jebb) meet the models taking a breather in the courtyard. The dress at left was called "Blickling Hall" and designed by Lachasse specially for the show. The house, which is Jacobean, is National Trust property





The guns set off by car from Blickling Hall to the shoot, several miles away, where Sir Jocelyn Lucas (centre) gave them their numbers. With the leaves still on the trees and a strong side wind, the bag of 10 pheasants and 30½ brace of partridge seemed satisfactory



Sir Jocelyn Lucas and his retriever Gallywood Dan



Mr. & Mrs. Brian McFrath waiting for the birds



Mr. Michael Severne



The Hon. Miles Jebb



Lord Dunsany, over from Ireland



Mr. A. Stewart-Richardson



Mrs. De Chair—hostess for the shoot and fashion shows

FINE FEATHERS . . . FINE BIRDS *continued*

THERE was a special spice to the opening of the pheasant shooting at Blickling Hall, the Norfolk home of Mrs. **Thelma De Chair**. Mid-morning the guns, led by **Sir Jocelyn Lucas**, the M.P. and Sealyham breeder, went off, and the day wound up with a fashion and hairstyle show, topped off with a champagne buffet supper. This sort of thing, well done—as it was



The afternoon and evening shows were of clothes by Lachasse and hair-do's by André Bernard. Proceeds went to the British Red Cross Society and the Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association

Mrs. Michael Severne, a former model who took part in the show, the Marchioness of Lothian and Senor Santa-Cruz, the Chilean Ambassador



Lord & Lady Walpole—she is chairman of Norfolk Red Cross

by Mrs. De Chair—brings a spot of pageantry to the countryside. It's looked forward to for months (one old lady took her seat in the library—a rather hard one at that—1 hour and 55 minutes before the fashion show started) and it's something to talk about for weeks.

One of the more delightful things about Norfolk is the invincible spirit of "doing what we've always done." It was the *right day* of the year, but with the trees so leafy that they looked like galleons it was hardly conducive to pheasant or partridge shooting. However, a determined party set off, the **Hon. Miles Jebb**, **Mr. Mervyn Temple-Richards** and **Mr. Alastair Stewart-Richardson** among them.

After a London office it was good to be in the mellow atmosphere of the fields. The beaters appeared, sturdy, weather-beaten, workmanlike, and with a tea cloth ("can't beat it for wear") on the bottom of each stick. There was the odd ditch with its slippery sides to be negotiated. "Well, at least they're not as bad as the Irish ones," murmured one of the ladies. "Get into one of them and you've got to be fished out."

The drive over, the dogs set off to retrieve. I noticed **Sir Jocelyn Lucas's** black Labrador, Dan, nosing through the blackberry bushes like a bulldozer. I wondered if he's the only dog to have the Carlton Club as the address on his disc? He's not a member, but he's got friends there; he lunches occasionally with the hall porter.



Owen of Lachasse the designer, who is a Papal State Marquis

"Get near **Lord Dunsany**, he's the best shot here," advised Mr. Peter De Chair. I did, and all round the birds were falling fast. He has a great reputation as a shot in Ireland and he was well able to hold his own in Norfolk.

The gun barrels were becoming flecked with rain. The ladies in the party began to drift away until only Mrs. **Mervyn Temple-Richards** was left. Within seconds we were in the midst of a deluge.

"That's a terrible coat you're wearing—you'll frighten the birds!" said a gentleman in a tweed cap, blinking in the rain. I was in trouble with the same coat when I went grouse-shooting in Scotland. But the Norfolk shots were more considerate souls; they didn't make me take it off and sit on it. The most appreciated dress for shooting is something which looks as if it's conversant with the inside of a rabbit burrow. **Mr. Michael Severne** was the gun who came nearest to looking the part. His waterproof jacket was splendidly camouflaged, splendidly shapeless. "The only thing I took with me when I left the Coldstream Guards," he said.

I wonder what his wife, a sister of the Knight of Glin and a model, thinks of his get-up?

Back at the hall all was efficient bustle in preparation for the evening. The furniture had been moved out of the main rooms and the grand piano had been upended. The arriving cars of **Major Desmond Buxton**, the Chief

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Constable, & Mrs. Buxton, Lady Delia Peel, Lt.-Col. R. C. Allhusen, Col. Brian Gooch, and Mrs. F. R. Barclay were crunching to a halt on the gravel by the 17th-century great door leading to the moat. Inside Lady Walpole had found a temporarily disused bit of corridor where she was getting little Sarah Bacon (daughter of the Lord Lieutenant, Sir Edmund Bacon) to do some practice curtsies. Susan had to present a bouquet to the Marchioness of Lothian.

The Hon. Mrs. Henry Broughton, Lady Rawlinson, Mrs. John Cleveland, Viscountess Lewisham, Lady William Percy, and Mr. Eric D. Mackintosh were among those who came to see the elegant hairstyles by André Bernard, and the winter fashion collection of the House of Lachasse. Senor Victor Santa-Cruz, the Chilean Ambassador, was being introduced as "the Marqués de Santa Cruz." He seemed to enjoy the *faux-pas* and then explained: "That's the Spanish Ambassador—I'm just plain Mister." These two men have sometimes been mixed up by even the Foreign Office.

The fashion included some chic cocktail dresses, and "evening suits" with day-length jackets and almost hobble ankle-length skirts. I asked the designer, Mr. Owen (in private life he's the Marquis MacSwiney of Mashanaglass) if his wife was wearing one of these suits. "No," he said, "she hasn't even *seen* them yet—it's my winter collection."

Since my return from Norfolk I've learnt that the show made a profit of about £3,000 for the Red Cross and the Distressed Gentlefolk's Association. With the exception of the really big film première, dress shows like this are the charity money-spinner of the moment.

NOTHING FOR THE GIRLS . . .

One hears so much of *boys'* public schools, not so much of girls'. So when I went to dine at Quaglino's the other day it was to meet the old girls of Benenden. They were jolly and amusing, even those who had weighty jobs like Miss "Bicki" Earp, who is one of Mr. Macmillan's secretaries, and Miss Gillian Bolton (daughter of Sir George) who is in the diamond trade.

Girls' schools, though, have their problems, I learnt. "People are much more willing to contribute money to a boys' school than they are to a girls'," said Miss E. B. Clarke, the Headmistress (who has lately been on Sir John Wolfenden's committee on sport).

Mrs. J. H. Dalrymple, the school's secretary (and herself an old girl), took up the story. "We've got some wonderful friends, but the money isn't nearly enough. We'd like to get at industry. But unless a big industrialist has daughters at the school he's unlikely to contribute . . . industry as such doesn't feel it has anything to gain from supporting a girls' school. Wills and legacies are something we're looking forward to, but as we're only 33 years old these are still in the future. . . ."

Just now there is an appeal out for £100,000. Some of it will go on a science block. It's become a case of keeping up with the facilities offered by the government schools.

I asked Miss Clarke if she was expecting a great turn-out of young women scientists? "I can't say," she said, "the only ones who are certain of what they want to be while still at school are the doctors. Those girls always seem to know at the age of 10." No fewer than 85 old girls have become doctors.

THE GUINNESS

TOUCH AT A WEDDING

When Mr. & Mrs. David Nugent come back from their honeymoon in Venice they will be able to hear a tape recording of their wedding at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street. There were microphones in the flowers, and the yellow wiring blended so well with the autumn tints that none of the guests noticed a recording was being made.

Mr. Nugent is the younger son of Sir Hugh & Lady Nugent of Ballinlough Castle, a wonderful old romantic castle in Co. Westmeath. The bride, the former Hon. Eliza Guinness, is the 21-year-old daughter of the late Viscount Elveden and of Lady Elisabeth More O'Ferrall of Gloucester Lodge, Regent's Park.

Mr. & Mrs. Nugent are honeymooning first at the Cipriani, one of the hotels in which her family has an interest, and afterwards at the Countess of Iveagh's villa. When they return they will settle at Lambourn where he's going to run a 600-acre family barley farm. "They'll be only a few yards away from us and I think they'll love Lambourn—it's such a nice friendly place to live," Mrs. John Nugent told me. She's the wife of the bridegroom's elder brother.

It was a special day for Sir Hugh & Lady Nugent as it was not only their son's wedding, but also their 29th wedding anniversary. More relations: the Hon. John Hare, Minister of Labour (he's the bride's uncle) who gave a dinner party, followed by a dance at his Regent's Park home after the reception; the bride's sister, Henrietta, whose chores as a bridesmaid included keeping her sister's pug Blossom under control at the reception, and Lord & Lady Boyd of Merton though she, unfortunately, did not feel well enough to come on from the church to Gloucester Lodge.

Most of the Guinness family had rallied round for the occasion. I saw the 86-year-old Earl of Iveagh, who is the head of the family and wonderfully vigorous. Soon after he won the Diamond Sculls back in the last century, a doctor advised him to give up rowing because



Lady Teresa Onslow, one of the bridesmaids, & her mother the Countess of Onslow at the reception



The Hon. Mrs. Jonathan Guinness, Princess Frederick of Prussia (formerly Lady Brigid Guinness) and her brother-in-law, Mr. Frantisek Svedar, husband of the former Lady Honor Guinness

of his weak heart. Commenting to me about that a couple of years ago at his St. James's Square flat he said: "Trouble was that by the time I discovered he was wrong I was too old to start rowing again!"

Lord Iveagh often calls for Guinness at a banquet instead of wine, and I noticed that on each tray of champagne at the wedding there was one glass of Guinness. A later count revealed that 107 of the guests had what was good for them.

There was an invasion of Grand National proportions from Ireland. Among them: Lord & Lady Hemphill (he was just back from Russia), Capt. & Mrs. Denys Domville, Capt. & Mrs. James McCarthy, the Earl & Countess of Bective, and Lord & Lady Farnham (who are having their country house rebuilt a good bit smaller than it is now).

Also there were Lord Grantley, who brought his son, the Hon. Richard Norton, a solemn young man aged four, the Dowager Countess of Halifax, Mrs. H. L. Puxley, Sir William & Lady Mount and Lady Clutterbuck.



GRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER
& MICHAEL CRANLEY

Family group: (standing) the Earl of Iveagh (bride's grandfather), Sir Hugh Nugent, Bt., Lord Patrick Beresford (best man), the groom, the bride, Mr. Rory More O'Ferrall, Viscount Elveden, Mr. John Nugent, (sitting) Mrs. John Nugent, the Countess of Iveagh, Lady Elisabeth More O'Ferrall, Lady Nugent, Freda Countess of Listowel (bride's grandmother), Mrs. H. L. Puzley (groom's grandmother), Lady Teresa Onslow and the Hon. Henrietta Guinness



The bride and groom left Gloucester Lodge in a shower of confetti for a honeymoon in Venice

Mr. Rory & Lady Elisabeth More O'Ferrall greet Lord Grantley and his son the Hon. Richard Norton

LORD KILBRACKEN

Something to declare about the Border

THOUGH I live only eight miles from the controversial border between the Six and the Twenty-Six (as they are known in the South) or between Ulster and Eire (as they are known, quite erroneously, in the North), it somehow isn't more than once a year that I find myself crossing it nowadays. All my interests and almost all my friends are in the Republic, and I'm in Dublin perhaps 50 times more often than I'm in Belfast. But whenever I do make the crossing—and I'm a fairly experienced frontier-crosser, with 32 or 33 different ones behind me (I'm not sure whether to include Monaco's and Trieste's)—I reflect that there are few which present more difficulties.

Even in wartime, when the crossing involved moving from War to Peace, the whole thing was wonderfully informal by contrast. Based for two years on Londonderry (whence we sailed on convoy protection duty to Halifax, Nova Scotia) I would always find time ashore between trips to make at least one visit, in unaccustomed civvies, to the unblack-out neutrality, its villages brightly gleaming, which lay so near at hand: either for the evening to Buncrana on the placid shores of Lough Swilly, returning at midnight laden with steaks and nylons, or on weekend leave to Killegar.

But the other day when I had to spend a few hours in the North (for nothing more romantic than a cattle sale), my accustomed road had been "spiked" (against smugglers and the I.R.A.). The spikes, fierce and lethal, are unlit; they are just around a corner, and there is no warning of any kind for the unwary tourist approaching in the dark at speed. In fact, only 100 yards away, a false signpost encourages him to his doom. A long detour was necessary, during which an armed police patrol lying in wait for me on the lonely country road, ordered me to halt and vigorously questioned me as to my name, home, destination and intentions. At the border itself my car was searched with a thoroughness which made the Iron Curtain seem like cellophane—my cases weren't even opened when I landed at Moscow.

And all this when peace is allegedly with us. Ah, for the good old days when there was a *real* war on! I remember two occasions in particular. Once, back from the Atlantic, I was taking the slow train from Derry to Clones on weekend leave and fell into conversation with the only other occupant of my compartment. "I suppose we'll have no trouble with the customs," I remarked, confident that the formalities would be just as informal as ever—that is to say, non-existent.

"Have you been long away?" he asked in reply.

"Two or three months," I said.

"Lord, everything's changed," he told me, his face long and serious. "It's terrible strict they've got; you'll bring nothing past them."

"This is disastrous," said I. "I'm just back from sea, and I've a regular cargo of Scotch and cigarettes with me, not to mention the nylons." I indicated my bulging kitbag on the rack above me.

"Sure, they'll take all," said my friend laconically.

It appeared that he himself lived exactly on the border and knew well just what went on there; he said something about a new chief inspector. As his station approached, which was the border station, gloom descended on me, though I still hoped I'd get through somehow as usual. To my horror, however, when the train stopped and he stepped on to the platform, he actually went so far as to beckon the inspector over to me.

"Good God!" I thought. "My last chance is gone! He's splitting on me!"

The officer approached. "There's no need to inspect this man's luggage; he's a naval officer on leave," he told him with authority. And then he turned to me. "I'm the new chief inspector," he said.

Another time I was coming from London by way of Belfast for two weeks at Killegar. My sister had asked me to collect and bring with me a new party dress which she had ordered some weeks earlier and which should now be ready. I picked it up at the last moment, and packed it hurriedly, still in its wrappings and tissue paper, on the top of one of my suitcases. It was one of those frilly affairs with a lot of ribbons and bows—my sister being 19—and I forgot about it completely till we had to leave the train for customs examination.

There was a milling crowd of passengers and the inspector, red-faced, was surrounded with an aroma of Guinness and Jameson's. He seemed to be inspecting nothing. When my turn came, he asked the usual question and I gave the usual answer.

"Then will you open this case," he said, indicating the guilty one. I did so.

Delicately and daintily, he extracted Katherine's dress from its crinkling tissues, catching it lightly by its unsubstantial shoulder-straps and holding it aloft for all the world to see. He examined it, he admired it, and then he looked at me.

"Tell me now," he said. "Is it for your own *pairsonal* use you brought it?"

Roars of laughter all round. I managed to look straight back at him. "Yes," I said, unblushing.

And he, without another word, carefully refolded it, closed my case, put his chalk mark on it, and passed to the next customer. "Have *you* anything to declare?"

It was easy enough in *those* days, when there was only a war on. But now, what with the I.R.A. and the price of butter; what with the *News of the World* (banned in the Republic, along with Moravia and Sagan and most other readable writers) and the price of cigarettes; what with the subsidy which can be claimed on any unpunched cattle which can be smuggled across Cuilcagh into the featherbedded North—well, it's different altogether. There can't be any doubt: it's hard times we're living in.

LONDON'S
SPORTING
NEW
LORD
MAYOR





Sir Bernard Waley-Cohen, seen (right) with the retiring Lord Mayor (Sir Edmund Stockdale) after his election at Guildhall, is a City man with country interests. Hunting trophies adorn the wall of his Somerset home (above). He inherited an 1,800-acre farm there from his father and hunts on Exmoor with the Devon & Somerset Staghounds (left) of which he is chairman. So does his wife, the daughter of Lord Nathan. They have four children—two boys and two girls. These two pictures were taken during a holiday that is likely to be Sir Bernard's last good rest for the next 12 months



HUNTER TRIALS

PHOTOS: VAN HALLAN



Mr. R. Grimes came third in the Open Event on Mr. Stanley Kinder's Moxonia Lad



Miss Wendy Taylor, who rode in the Members' Event, and Mrs. Ferd Deas



Mrs. Henry Blundell designed the course at Hall Farm, High Hoyland



Mrs. Gordon Cran, with Mr. Reg Dunn, Members' Event runner-up



Mr. G. W. Cressey, Harriers' Master, his wife & daughters

The Rockwood Harriers held their annual event on the Yorkshire moors at High Hoyland, near Barnsley



Miss A. Bennett takes her own entry, Paddy, over one of the Open Event fences



Jump Steward Miss Bridget Podmore with Mr. Bill Cook, from Toronto, and Mr. Stanley Kinder, the Yorkshire owner who won the Members' Event last year

On the Judges' stand: Mr. J. Deakin, Mr. M. Richmond, Miss Audrey Sykes, who is also Secretary of the Rockwood Harriers' Pony Club, & Mr. H. Dawson



THE JEWS, it has always seemed to me, had the right idea when they fixed their New Year in the autumn. A New Year that begins on 1 January wouldn't satisfy even the I.T.A. as a "natural break." It has neither climatic nor astronomical significance. It begins nothing, not even a new financial year. It is a paper transaction. Autumn, though, is the time when school and university years begin, when one starts work again after one's holidays, when Parliament reopens, when the names of the teams on the football-pool coupons mean something again, and the price of coal goes up. But most of all it is the start of the Season in the arts. However much, to performers, critics and public, the musical season nowadays may appear to be a continuous performance without interval of slackening off, to those who organize such things the autumn is the time when, having told us their plans for the next 12 months or so, they begin to put them into practice.

Covent Garden Opera is standing no nonsense about Auld Lang Syne this time but is ringing in its new year on 19 October (which is when I start my own new year, it being my birthday) with a gala performance for the King & Queen of Nepal. It probably won't be such a dressy affair as the normal first night of the Scala season in Milan, or at Catania or Parma, but at least it will start the season off as an occasion. Since the war Covent Garden seasons have been inclined to creep in apologetically and creep out again. This year, so that there should be no mistake, the semi-private gala is followed by an official first night with a new Joan Sutherland singing Bellini's *La Sonnambula*. This will certainly provoke attacks on Covent Garden's policy of "canary fancying" (or does "canary fancying" apply only to foreign singers?) and on Bellini's harmless and charming music as a string of "tinkling tunes."

Miss Sutherland the part of the simple girl with the complicated music and the embarrassing habit of walking into strangers' bedrooms in her sleep will provide yet another operatic opportunity to pour out the secrets of the subconscious. After the Mad Scene in *Lucia* (which she is repeating during the new Covent Garden season), two Mad Scenes in *I Puritani* (which she sang in Edinburgh following the original Glyndebourne run of the opera), Joan Sutherland has a part in *La Sonnambula* to delight all who like to hear a girl's innermost thoughts expressed in some lovely, and extremely difficult, coloratura. Bellini's opera hasn't been heard at Covent Garden for 50 years. It will be conducted by Tullio Serafin, 82 this year, who was conducting Bellini nearly 30 years before Miss Sutherland was born.

The Covent Garden repertoire then settles down to a routine more remarkable for what we aren't going to hear than for what we are. This, I do not doubt, will be noted by Georg Solti, watching like Big Brother to see what goes on before he becomes musical director of our Royal Opera House next September. This 48-year-old

OPERA OUTLOOK:

Too much novelty ?

BY SPIKE HUGHES

Hungarian conductor, the third foreign-born musician to become *Generalmusikdirektor* of Covent Garden since the war, has had a lot of experience on the Continent, but none, I'll warrant, that will prepare him for a theatre in which no Mozart is being performed at all. For a country that has long prided itself on its intelligent appreciation of Mozart it is pretty disgraceful that Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells, with a new season's repertoire of 33 operas between them, can produce only one Mozart work—*Figaro* at the Wells. Perhaps it is felt that such things are best left to Glyndebourne; but fear of comparison with Glyndebourne is preventing neither Covent Garden nor Sadler's Wells from each staging this year a *Fidelio* and a *Barber of Seville*, both of which are in Mr. Christie's prospectus for next summer.

The trouble is that nobody is quite sure what Covent Garden or even Sadler's Wells is supposed to be. La Scala, for instance, presents what is customary in Italy, a *stagione*—that is, a season of 23 operas or so, some new to the world, some new to Italy or Milan, some taken from the established repertoire of opera. Each of these is presented with the best available singers, who are contracted at the beginning of the season to sing certain parts and no others. The Royal Opera House apparently tries to do the same thing, but owing to its financial position stages some of its 16 operas with casts that are frankly German-provincial-repertoire class while others are put on with casts that would do credit to La Scala or Vienna—to mention the two *poules de luxe* of European opera houses.

Nobody can question the enterprise of the present Covent Garden administration. It is obviously right that Geraint Evans's Falstaff should at least be seen in London after his success in the part at Glyndebourne, Edinburgh and Paris, and that the same singer should be heard as Berg's Wozzeck at Covent Garden. It is correct, too, that Benjamin Britten's newest opera, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, should reach a wider public than it had at its Aldeburgh

launching, and that *Peter Grimes*, considered to be the composer's masterpiece, should be heard again in London. But what seems to me to be missing from the repertoires of both Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells is not the unusual, but the obvious. *Carmen*, *Cav. & Pag.*, *Traviata*, *Bohème*, *Butterfly* should be audible not just at one or other of the theatres, as they will be this year, but at both.

In the end the only real difference between the audiences of the two theatres is one of wealth and geographical convenience, not of taste, and while the finances of opera permit Covent Garden to do things on a scale denied to Sadler's Wells and therefore to charge more for them, there is little to choose between a public which supports Berg and Britten in one place, and Bartok and Stravinsky at the other. (In any case, *Peter Grimes* started life at Sadler's Wells.) What neither theatre seems willing to supply at the moment is the basic diet of opera—*Trovatore*, *Faust*, *Rigoletto*, *Manon*. These and Mozart's operas are works that any company worthy of the name should be able to do on its ear at a moment's notice as competent routine performances; in much the same way as a posh restaurant can boil you an egg if you happen to want one. A properly boiled egg is full of the things a man needs, as full of them, indeed, as the old, but increasingly less familiar operas I have mentioned. It is a cockeyed world that sends us to the Carl Rosa and its modest productions for operas which should be as frequently performed by our subsidized companies as the "standard" Shakespeare by the Old Vic.

This may sound a queer attitude towards opera, but looking back over the years since the war (as I hope Mr. Solti has been doing) we seem to be reverting too much in this country to the pre-repertoire days of the late 18th- and early 19th-century—demanding (or at least being given) novelty at all costs. Too often standard works which should be perennials, like *Turandot*, *Gianni Schicchi*, *Manon Lescaut*, *Tristan*, *Meistersingers*, *The Magic Flute*, *Don Giovanni* and the rest, are not included in the prospectus merely because they were performed the year before. This is pure *stagione* practice and is not suited either to Covent Garden's financial or artistic resources.

Nobody is more delighted than I am to be able to hear Verdi's *Macbeth*, but its performance cannot excuse the continued absence of the universally popular Verdi from the Covent Garden programmes. Unless those works which are the foundation of the international repertoire are performed regularly, and not just one or two of them every third season or so, a generation of operagoers is going to grow up that may never hear "La donna è mobile" or the Anvil Chorus except on a gramophone record. No doubt, like the barrow boy who can always justify the exorbitant price he asks for tomatoes whether the summer has been wet, fine or mediocre, Covent Garden has an answer to this. The thought is no less disquieting, nevertheless.



A taste for home-making is dear because of all fashions decor is probably the most capricious. So it pays to consult a man who keeps in touch with trends and sets a few of them himself. Like Mr. David Hicks (left) who between interior design stints of his own—Mayfair penthouses, Helena Rubinstein's new London home, a Kensington restaurant—dispenses free advice from a bureau at Harrison Gibson's Ilford store. Mr. Hicks picks the colours, plots the layout. But the taste is yours for going to him in the first place

A survey of influential names and faces conducted on the theory that there must always be somebody to blame—or praise—for the things that people think they do of their own accord

PHOTOS: JOHN COWAN

TEXT: HENRY AWLRY

ONE OF THE MYSTERIES THAT NEVER GET ANY nearer a solution is how it comes about that from time to time a distinguished playwright teams up with an experienced impresario who assembles a group of leading actors and actresses and calls on the most successful scenery designer, and together they produce . . . a crashing flop. It would seem impossible. Isn't the playwright one of the best in the business? Who should know a good play from a bad one better than he? And if for once his judgment has slipped, the impresario, with his proven flair for picking 'em, will surely cry halt. Conceivably *he* may be having an off day—but then there are always the actors. When they read the play, will they not at once spot the weakness? Apparently not. They are all wrong, they all tell each other they are right, and another flopperoo is on its way.

The imponderable that all these skilled, successful, respected, experienced unfortunates are up against is taste. And there's no accounting for it. You just can't know for certain what other people are going to like. Consider the lettering of the headline on this page. Printers call it Square Gothic. It's a design that's been knocking around since early Victorian times but only 10 years ago no glossy magazine would have sullied its pages with the stuff. Now you can't open one without finding it all over the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87



A taste for humour is never safe to take bets on. As witness the National Film Theatre revival of Chaplin films that raised only scattered laughs. It isn't the performer's fault. The truth is that each period needs its Harry Tate or W. C. Fields or Kenneth Williams (alongside) whose art is probably closer to Grimaldi than anybody else. His gravel voice and inspirational mime made a memorable show of Pieces of Eight but he leaves it soon to go filming. He could flop (English comics do) or he might give the cinema a new taste

A taste for paperbacks has revolutionized reading. The Penguins and Pelicans of Sir Allen Lane (opposite) were not the first in the field (remember the yellowbacks?) but have been consistently the most successful. In quality, too, they eclipse anything that went before or has arrived since. The company's 25th birthday (Sir Allen's 58th) was celebrated this year with the publication of 25 books. A 26th would have been the long-banned Lady Chatterley's Lover but for the impending test case





A taste for the off-beat is a perishable commodity—today's unorthodox inevitably becomes tomorrow's Establishment. But by then it's possible to be a couple of lengths ahead on a new tack altogether. Like the Plunket Greeses (above), Alexander and his wife, Mary Quant. Having practically re-dressed a whole social strata and extracted the maximum fun and profit from each wicked excursion they next plan a fact-finding jaunt to America where, by their standards, the chicks are not nearly cool enough

TASTEMASTERS

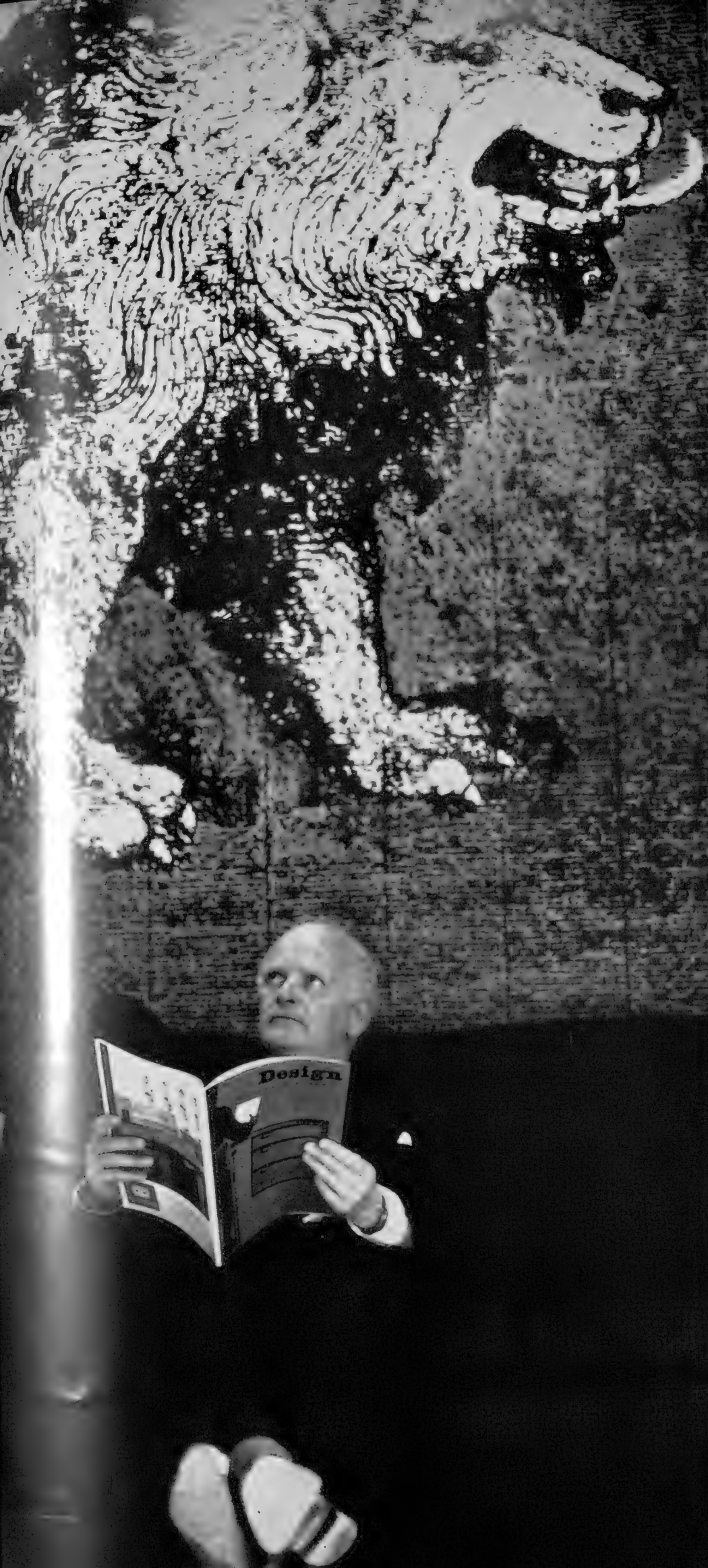
CONTINUED



A taste for display is closely meshed with the urge to sell—you always fancy the hambone more when they put a frill on it. In fact, it's presentation that starts you half along the road to the sales counter. Kenny Parker (above), who dresses the windows for Woollands, describes himself as an artist—a commercial one. But the rewards are not merely commercial as proved by the tale he tells of a road sweeper who watched him at work then said: "It's a fairy story, guv', a real fairy story"

A taste for design is something that most people and all countries (see especially Scandinavia) think they have by divine right. But the facts are not always proved by the things they produce. Which is where the Council of Industrial Design and its director, Mr. Paul Reilly (right) come in. While the benefits of Government-sponsored taste are arguable there's a lot to be said for an organization that concerns itself with the attractive design of thousands of articles while actively helping students





A taste for entertaining has to strike the right balance just now with the critics' demand for "saying something." Fashionably full of message are the plays of Arnold Wesker (above), who writes with the fervour of the "committed." Meanwhile the gamey flavour of his Royal Court trilogy—Chicken Soup with Barley, Roots and I'm talking about Jerusalem—has not only engaged popular taste but seems likely to make money, too. Something which could spoil it with the critics

place. What's changed? Not the type. Taste.

Think back to the Swingy Thirties. In every night club, on every record, at every dance you heard the high pleep-pleep of the clarinet. People argued about whether Benny Goodman played it better than Artie Shaw, and the knowing ones urged the claims of obscure contenders of their own. Today the clarinet is almost a forgotten sound and nobody can think of a top player. What's changed? Taste.

Go to the Motor Show next week and look at the wide grilles, the jutting luggage boots and big rear windows, the turned-up tails and big winking lights. When these touches first filtered in from America the grilles were condemned as like mouthorgans, and the winking lights as vulgar and confusing. The jutting boot with wide rear window was said to disfigure the shape of the car so that you couldn't tell whether it was coming or going. What's changed, then? Taste.

There are grave explanations. Mr. James Laver, historian of fashion, has a theory about the centre of female exposure moving gradually downwards and working back up again. So it's bosoms one year and legs later. Marxists say that it's all just a capitalist plot to make the workers buy things by constantly changing them. If only they were designed for use instead

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

TASTEMASTERS CONCLUDED

A taste for trade is characteristic of the British, and it hasn't always won us enduring friendships abroad. Mr. Michael Sieff, senior buyer for Marks & Spencer, has it in a high degree and is one of the few who could claim to decide the taste of a given community, or at least what it will look like, i.e. from shoes through socks and underpants to topcoats and hats. His figures are dressed by other figures, vast shoals of statistics listing what the North will buy, the South will wear. Then all you do is buy the output of a mill and . . .



of for profit . . . (they'd stay dead ugly all the time, as in Russia). Another explanation is about people getting more educated and emulating their betters. But by the time they've done that their betters are off on another tack.

The trouble is that people are only comfortable with what they're used to, but they're never satisfied without something different. Taste is the outcome of the collision of these two irreconcilables. It comes in like a lamb (Mongolian?), contrary to March, and then it's suddenly a lion and everybody's doing it. After all, a man is still a gregarious animal. So leather is in, and we must have a Jaguar like George, and I can't think whatever made us choose that wallpaper in the sitting-room—*nobody* has that colour any more. At first the new idea is strange, then it's exciting, then it's normal. And then . . . wait for it! For that's the time when somebody is dreaming up something else that gets everybody unsettled again.

The somebodies who dream and keep the whole fascinating process of taste on the move are designers, critics, writers, painters, businessmen, hobbyists—all kinds. Some are consciously searching for novelty. Others are astonished when their idea catches on. Theirs is a challenging and bewildering business. Always trying to start something and never knowing whether people will like it. How could they, though? People don't know themselves.



A taste for pops is up against humanity at its most unpredictable—15 to 25. The beat seems here to stay, but whose? The chubbiness of Cliff, or the hungriness of Adam? David Jacobs (above), top radio disc jockey, TV Juke Box Jury chairman and writer of a weekly column on pops, views the situation objectively. "I'm not employed to sell records. I try to give people an enjoyable evening. If they are influenced by my choice then good luck to 'em." And of course they are

A taste for art has to cope with Picasso's Blue Period or Gainsborough's Blue Boy. It is part of the job of Sir Kenneth Clark (below), chairman of the Arts Council, to resolve such dilemmas, though he modestly observes: "No attempt on my part will change public taste but I can through various media show the public where to find the works that I consider tasteful." Sir Kenneth has found his most successful medium lecturing on television. He keeps his own art treasures at Saltwood Castle, Kent



THE BANK THIEF

BY ART BUCHWALD

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK WHITSETT



"He was on all fours, neighing and chewing . . ."

THE OTHER NIGHT, I CAME HOME FROM WHAT IS COMMONLY known as a hard day at the office, to find my wife with one of those wait-till-I-tell-you-what-happened-today looks on her face. I put one of those can't-I-take-a-bath-first pleas on mine; but apparently the situation was quite serious, because she indicated she wanted to talk to me alone in the bedroom. I led the way, and she locked the door.

It seemed very dramatic, and I was waiting for her to say, "I met another man, and I want a divorce," or, "I found out about you and Ursula." (Ursula is my secretary.) But instead, she said, "Our son is a thief."

I immediately breathed a sigh of relief. Our son is seven years old. In the past four years he has been, not necessarily in this order, a cowboy, General de Gaulle, a tree, a black French poodle named Charlie, and a horse named Peppy. Since the last thing he was, was Peppy, I was rather happy he had become something else. As a horse, he would remain on all fours for days at a time, neighing and biting at everybody's ankles.

"You don't seem to take this news very seriously," she said, after I forgot to exclaim, "No!"

"Oh, I do," I said. "I think it's very serious. Pray tell, how do you know he's a thief?"

"He stole a bank," she said.

"He robbed a bank," I said, correcting her.

"No," she said. "He stole a bank. He stole it from the five-and-ten when I took him to do some shopping. I had to buy some ribbon, and while I was paying, he apparently took the bank—it looks like a toy safe—from one of the counters. When we got outside, I noticed he was carrying it under his sweater, and when I asked him where he got it, he said the lady in the store gave it to him. I remained quite cool and said maybe we should go back to the store and thank the lady who gave it to him. But he wouldn't, and he had a tantrum right on the street. I decided to come home and let you take care of it."

"Well," I said, still hoping I could take a bath, "there's nothing wrong with stealing a little toy bank from the five-and-ten. I used to steal from five-and-tens when I was a kid, and besides, they're insured against theft and—"

"That's not the right attitude to take," she said reprovingly. "He's got to be taught that stealing is wrong, and this is a job for his father."

"Okay," I said wearily. "I'll go give him a whipping."

"That's exactly what I don't want you to do. All the books say you shouldn't beat a child for stealing. It doesn't stop them. In fact, it makes them want to steal more."

"Well if I can't beat him, what can I do with him?"

"You have to take him to the store tomorrow and make him give the bank back. He's got to be taught he can't go around taking things without paying for them, and the books all say that it has to be done right away. Otherwise, the lesson will be wasted."

"But I've got a rough day tomorrow," I protested. "Why can't *you* do it?"

"Because the books say the father should do it. It seems to me you could take a little more interest in whether your child is going to turn into a juvenile delinquent than in some silly thing you've got to do at the office. Just listen to what this book says about stealing." She picked up one of those heavy books on child guidance, which her friend Marjorie made her buy for seven-fifty when my wife was worried about the kid's sucking his thumb, and started to read: "Childhood psychopaths supply the bulk of the adult criminal population. Stealing shows disturbed emotional relationships; if it isn't treated immediately, it can become a dangerous pattern for the future."

"Why don't you throw that damn book away?" I said. "So he stole a bank. Maybe he wants to save money. Isn't that a good sign? In twenty years, the banks are going to be stealing from him. Let him live while he's young."

"Very, very funny," she said, getting angry. "That's exactly the attitude I would expect from you. Here we have a chance to nip something in the bud, and the only thing you can come up with is wisecracks."

"Okay, okay," I said. "I'll make him take the bank back tomorrow. I'll take him with me, and I'll give him a lesson he'll never forget. Now will you unlock the door? After all, he stole the bank. I didn't."

She let me out of the room, and I went in search of the criminal. He was in the dining room on all fours and was neighing and chewing on one of the legs of the table.

"I guess you could call him a horse thief," I said to my wife.

She didn't laugh, though I thought it was a pretty good crack.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

THE BANK THIEF *concluded*

When he saw me, he came over and bit my ankle.

"Hello, Peppy," I said. "How's all the empty saddles on the old corral?"

He neighed twice.

"Say, old paint," I said, "how would you like to go out with me tomorrow?"

He jumped up on all twos. "Where?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe we'll take in a few police stations, visit a prison, and that sort of stuff."

My wife kicked my ankle, the one my son had just bit into.

"Matter of fact, I have some shopping to do and thought you might like to come along for laughs."

"Okay," he said with joy. "Can I wear my cowboy hat?"

"Sure," I said, in the tone of a warden giving a condemned man a last request. "Say, your mother says you have a new bank."

He looked at me warily.

"Can I see it?" I asked.

"Why?" he wanted to know.

"No reason. Just thought I might put a coin into it for good luck."

He brought it out from under the buffet but he still looked very suspicious.

"That's a nice bank," I said. "Did Mommy buy it for you?"

He looked at his mother, and when he saw she wasn't going to help, he mumbled, "No. A lady gave it to me."

"Isn't that wonderful," I said. "What lady?"

He was trying to stay out of the trap. "The lady in the store where I went with Mommy this afternoon."

"What a nice lady she must be. I have an idea. Why don't we buy the lady a present and give it to her? If someone gives you a present, you should give her one in return."

"Oh, she wouldn't want a present," he said hurriedly.

"Why not?" I asked.

"She just wouldn't. I know."

"Well, we'll see. We'll go over tomorrow morning and see if she wants one or not."

He dropped down again on all fours, and we couldn't get anything but neighs out of him for the rest of the evening.

The next morning, I cancelled all appointments and got prepared for the ordeal. I had the bank in my pocket. My

son claimed he had thought about it overnight and decided he didn't want to go shopping with me, after all.

I told him it was too late and I needed him to help me carry the packages. He went along reluctantly and put his cowboy hat over his eyes so no one could see him.

I played it real cool. First I stopped at the tailor's to complain about a suit I had had cleaned. Then I looked at some cameras I had no intention of buying. Finally, I said, "Let's go over to the five-and-ten and see the nice lady who gave you the bank."

"She won't be there," he said quickly.

"How do you know?"

"I know," he said. "She told me."

"We'll stop in anyway, just to make sure," I said.

He kept protesting, but I dragged him along, and there wasn't much he could do about it.

First I asked one of the salesgirls where they sold toy banks, and she indicated a counter that just happened to be next to the ribbon counter. There were two girls behind the toy counter.

"Do you see the nice lady?" I asked my son.

"No," he said. "Come on, let's go."

"Not so fast" I said. I took the bank out of my pocket and showed it to one of the girls.

"That will be twenty-five cents," she said.

"No, I'm sorry," I said. "I don't want to buy it."

She looked at me blankly.

"You see, my son stole it yesterday and——"

"Your son?"

"Yes. He's right here." I turned around to indicate him, but he had disappeared. I started looking for him, still holding the bank.

The salesgirl shouted, "That will be twenty-five cents."

I was searching for my son and wasn't paying any attention to her. I ran up and down the aisles. Then I started heading for the door, but I was blocked by the manager and one of the stockroom boys.

The manager said, "Where do you think you're going?"

"I'm looking for my son," I said desperately. "He's a little fellow, and he's wearing a cowboy hat."

The salesgirl came rushing up. "He took the bank and didn't pay me for it," she said.



"A crowd had gathered. On the edge of it, I could see a tiny cowboy hat . . ."

"I didn't take the bank," I said.
 "Do you have a receipt for it?" the manager asked coldly.
 "I said, 'You see, my son stole it.'"

"Your son stole it?"
 The salesgirl said, "His son didn't steal it. He stole it, Mr. Rogers. I told him it was twenty-five cents, and he started running away."

A crowd had gathered. On the edge of it, I could see a tiny cowboy hat.

"I don't understand," I said. "My son stole the bank yesterday, and I was just bringing it back today to teach him a lesson."

The manager snickered.

The crowd was getting bigger, and I said, "Look, can't we take this over in your office? This is rather embarrassing."

"Should I call the police, Mr. Rogers?" the stock boy asked.

"No," he said. "We'll all go to my office. Stay behind him, Robert, so he doesn't run away. All right, everybody, break it up."

I made a grab for my son and got his arm. As we started walking through the store, I could hear people saying, "You would think if he was going to steal something, he would leave his son at home," and "He was probably using the boy as a decoy." And one sympathetic lady said, "You would suppose a nicely dressed man like that could get a job."

We entered the manager's office—the manager, the two salesgirls from the toy counter, myself, my son, and the stock boy, who stood guard.

"Now, Miss Lane," the manager said, sitting behind his desk like Chief Justice Warren, "tell your story again."

She told it again, and her story was corroborated by the other girl.

Then he turned to me and said, "And what is your version?"

"My son," I said, "stole this bank from——"

"I did not," my son shouted.

"You did, too," I shouted. "It's all right to admit it."

"Look who's talking," the stock boy said.

"That will be enough out of you, Robert," the manager said. "Continue."

"My son stole this bank yesterday. I brought it back today to show him it was wrong to steal and you had to pay for things. Don't you understand?"

"I've heard shoplifting stories before," the manager said, "but this beats them all."

"I'm not a shoplifter," I screamed. "Look, here's my Diners' Club card, my American Express credit card, my Hilton credit card. Would I be able to get all these cards if I were a shoplifter?"

The manager said, "How do I know you didn't steal these?" I let out an oath, and the manager said, "That will be enough of that kind of language in here."

"Look," I said. "I'll pay for the bank."

The manager said, "You're darn tootin' you'll pay for the bank. Now I'm going to tell you something, mister. The store doesn't like publicity, and I'm going to let you off this time, not because of you but because of your son, this little boy, who would be hurt for life if he saw you dragged off by the police." He turned to my son. "Young man, I'm letting your father go because of you. You tell your mother what he did and tell her that if she doesn't stop him from doing this sort of thing, your father is going to wind up in prison. Do you understand?"

My son nodded his head.

The manager said, "Now give me twenty-five cents, and if I ever see you again in this store, I'm going to call the police."

I gave the manager a quarter.

"Let him go, Robert," he said. "And don't forget. Stay out of this store."

The manager shook hands with my son, and I walked out with the boy.

"That's him," the girls said, pointing at me as we walked up the aisles. I tried to put my collar up.

When we finally got out into the street, I found I was perspiring and my shirt was soaked.

The two of us, man and boy, walked along, and neither one spoke for several blocks. Then I finally said, "You're not going to tell Mommy, are you?"

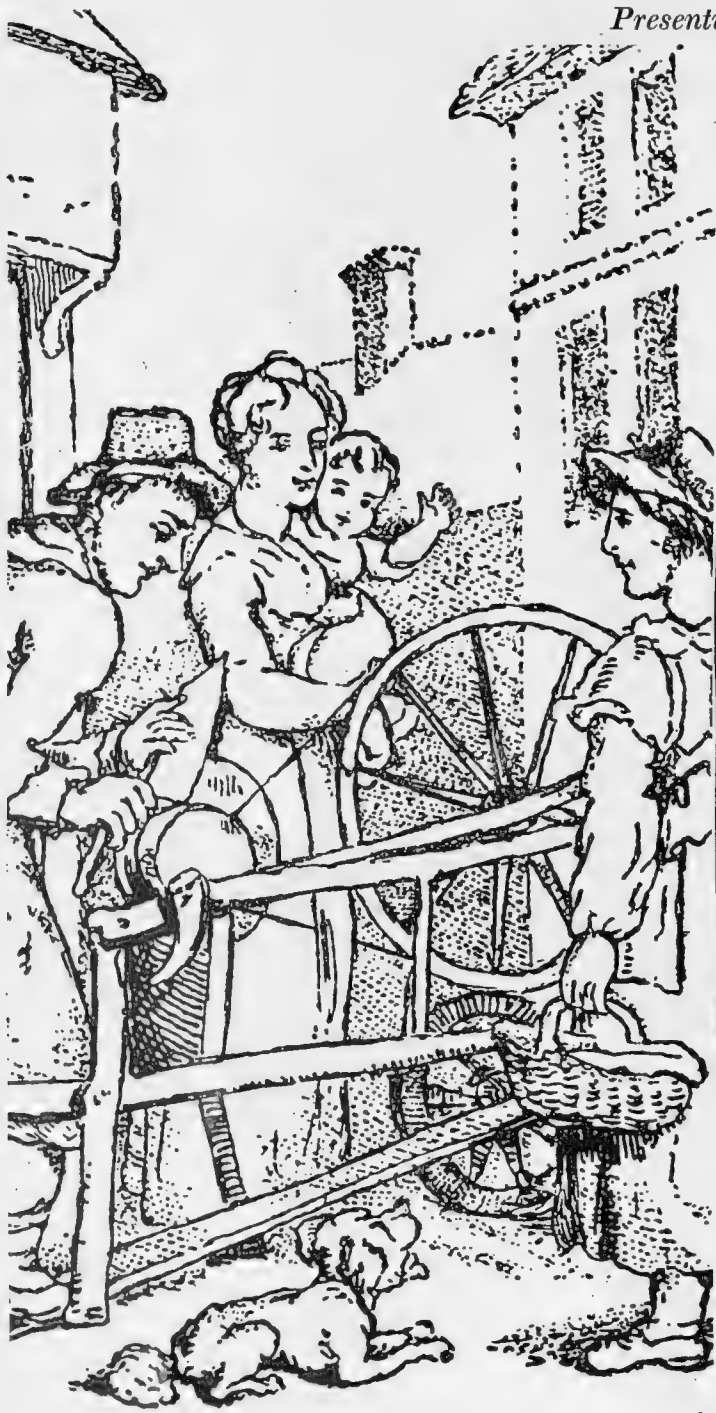
He looked at me and said, "No, I won't tell Mommy."

I threw the bank into a trash can, and then we went off to have an ice-cream soda.

CRIES OF NEW LONDON

Presenting a preview of clothes to be seen by international buyers in next month's big Fashion Week—together with some background

support from a few old-time exponents of the hard sell



"Knives and Scissors to Grind?"



THESE days when sales talk tends to the smooth and subliminal or the taut and televisual, it's a relief to revert to the direct approach favoured by such 18th-century characters as Tiddy Diddy Doll (*see opposite*), the immaculate vendor of hot spiced gingerbread immortalized by Hogarth in *The Idle Apprentice*. After all, if the stuff can be touched or even tasted it's so much easier to form an opinion. That's a play well understood by the organizers of Food Fairs and also by Tiddy's own descendants in Petticoat Lane and the street markets of modern London.

An extension of the same theory led to the formation of the Fashion House Group of London comprising 27 of the leading wholesale houses and 23 associate members from the textile industry. Tiddy and his own associates may have had their troubles making a living among the natives but at least they had no worries about export markets. Nor does the Group—fashion export sales having soared since its formation two years ago. More than a thousand buyers and fashion writers visited their show last May and the tills tinkled to the tune of half a million pounds of export business. So while women over here are excited to find French, Italian and American clothes on sale in London, thousands more on the Continent, in the States, Australia, Libya, Malaya, even China, are equally thrilled at being able to buy British fashions in their own stores. And with London's designers steadily exerting a stronger influence, expectations are even higher for next month's Fashion Week when again the best and newest in fabrics and design will be shown to the buyers of the world.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN COLE

Smart worsteds and checks!

The kind of suit that's in demand at home or abroad, Marcus's finely checked black and white worsted jacket gently waisted and finished with important passementerie buttons surmounting a plumb-straight skirt. Buy it at Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, W.1; Griffin & Spalding, Nottingham; Bobby's, Eastbourne, price: £21 10s. Otto Lucas hat of black paillettes edged with black velvet at Dickins & Jones, W.1; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham. Cascade of pearls from Paris House, South Molton Street, W.1



Fine tweeds and tones!

Proving that inexpensive mass-produced clothes are not the sole prerogative of the American market, Sambo make this little dress in Scotch tweed with checked top and toning permanently pleated skirt for only £8 18s. 6d. Buy it at Harvey Nichols Little Shop, Knightsbridge; Marshall & Snelgrove, Manchester & Leeds; David Morgan, Cardiff. Otto Lucas hat of purple melusine swathed with toning chiffon at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge.

Gill star with amethyst centre from Paris House

New two-pieces and prints!

From the highly-skilled tailoring house of Matila comes this 7/8ths coat with matching skirt in a heavy green and black check tweed. Teamed to be worn with it is a fine wool blouse printed with toning greens and black. Buy it at Derry & Toms, London, W.8; Rosetta, Bristol; Anne Tudor, Stratford-on-Avon, price: 42 gns.

Otto Lucas hat of Vandyke brown velours with a stitched brim is at Debenham & Freebody, London, W.1



"Buy my Sweet Roses?"

Gold lamé and rare sable!

The flower sellers remain—though in depleted numbers—and one celebrated street trader still draws the crowds to Drury Lane. For a gala night with My Fair Lady or at the nearby Royal Opera House there is Susan Small's ankle-length sheath dress of featherweight untarnishable gold lamé. Buy it at Derry & Toms, W.8; Hammonds, Hull; County Clothes, Cheltenham, price 16 gns.

Sable-collared short coat by Maxwell Croft of New Bond Street, W.1. Tiara of pearls and brilliants and the tasselled diamanté necklet from Paris House, South Molton Street





Lovely red corded silk!

Fast couriers bring the fashion news from Paris and soon the London shops have authentic reproductions of clothes first seen in the recent collections. This Nina Ricci ball dress is made ready-to-wear by Jean Allen, a house long famous for great occasion dresses at reasonable prices. The deeply goared skirt is worn over voluminous petticoats and the dress costs 20 gns. at Liberty, Regent Street, W.1; Fenwicks, Newcastle; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham. Huge sable muff from Maxwell Croft. Aquamarine and rhinestone necklet and earrings from Paris House, South Molton Street, W.1



Rowlandson Delin 1819
"Letters for post?"

Smooth satin with black net!

News travels faster now than in the days of Rowlandson's letter carrier. The white satin evening dress and its scroll embroidered black net coat were first seen in Paris barely a month ago and now you can buy them over here at Harvey Nichols Little Shop, S.W.1; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh, and Edith Dennett, Wilmslow. The strapless-top dress costs 13½ gns., the coat 15 gns. Otto Lucas cap of golden cock feathers is at Harvey Nichols, S.W.1

CRIES OF NEW LONDON

continued



on London - Delin. 1819.

"Any Earthen Ware; buy a jug or a tea pot?"

Sparkling silver grey!

Street traders knew the value of novelty and they talked in bargains. Polly Peck, one of the most avant garde of wholesale fashion houses, extend the theory by offering the latest in fashion at moderate prices. An example is their coat of Ascher's silver grey chenille cloth, a fabric used by many of the French houses. Buy it at Chanelle, Knightsbridge; County Clothes, Cheltenham; Cyril Livingstone, Leeds; price: 23½ gns. Wear it over the tunic and skirt shown on the cover



"Stinking Fish!"



"Fresh Cabbage!"

Fine tailor-mades!

Cockney street vendors were as apt to decry as to praise their wares as part of a humorous come-on technique. But there's no faulting this dress by Frederick Starke in a tan and black fine check teamed with a loose-fitting jacket.

Buy it at Hunts, New Bond Street; Nottingham House, Preston; Nora Bradley, Guildford, price: 26½ gns. Otto Lucas hat in tan melusine edged with black calf at Fortnum & Mason, W.1; Samuels, Manchester. Black and amber beads from Paris House

Bright new fabrics!

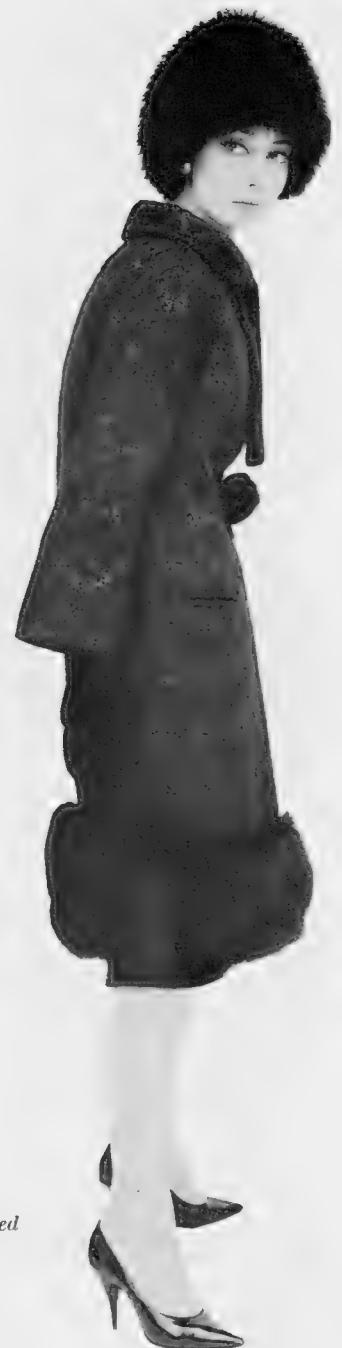
There's always something new in fashion, whether in fabric or design and London Town Dresses are pacemakers in the field. Here they use a new I.C.I. fabric of Terylene and worsted georgette, easy to handle and virtually uncrushable. The wide fox edging the hem is dyed in a soft mushroom shade to tone perfectly with the dress. Buy it at Fenwicks, New Bond Street, W.1; Diana Warren, Blackpool; Zenith, Torquay. The price is 29½ gns.



'D O!'



"Sw-e-e-p!"



CRIES OF NEW LONDON *continued*

Elegant country clothes!

As well known in New York or Boston as in London, Aquascutum are tailors who have put the knowledge and experience gained while tailoring for men into the brilliant clothes they make for women. An example is this coat with a strong male influence made in heavyweight tobacco-brown ribbed wool cloth and cut on traditional country lines with large practical patch pockets and a fly front. Buy it from Aquascutum, Regent Street, W.1, and branches, price: 39 gns.

Fine lightweight wool!

Leslie Kaye at Harry B. Popper makes clothes for members of the Royal Family and holds a leading place among top wholesale designers. His short-sleeved collarless tunic and matching skirt made of lightweight wool and mohair fabric in black with a russet overcheck is topped by a nine-tenths coat of the same material. Buy it at Harrods, Knightsbridge; Kenneth Kemsley, Nottingham; Bentalls, Kingston, price 40 gns. Otto Lucas hat of black fox (matching the coat hem) at Harrods, London; Samuels, Manchester

THE FASHION HOUSE GROUP OF LONDON: LIST OF MEMBERS

CRIES OF NEW LONDON

concluded



"Buy a fine Singing Bird?"

Rich tweed for a day dress!

London tailoring was something to shout about even when singing birds were sold in the streets. Group member Sylvia Mills carries on the tradition using costly fine tweeds and worsteds. The dress shown is of brick red wool topped by a jacket cut on cardigan lines in chunky flecked red and black tweed and edged with the dress material. From Rocha, Grafton Street, W.1; Renée Meneely, Belfast; Edith Dennett, Wilmslow, price: £54 14s. 6d. Otto Lucas hat in long-haired red melusine at Fortnum & Mason, W.1; Samuels, Manchester

AQUASCUTUM

100 Regent Street, W.1

ARTHUR BANKS

38 North Audley Street, W.1

BRENNER

65 Grosvenor Street, W.1

KOUPY MODELS & BOUTIQUE

119 Wardour Street, W.1

DERETA

Kent House, Market Place, W.1

DORVILLE & CORVETTE

14 John Prince's Street, W.1

FRANK USHER

175/179 Oxford Street, W.1

FREDERICK STARKE & FREDRICA

31 Bruton Street, W.1

GROSS & FUSS

105 New Bond Street, W.1

HARDY AMIES**READY-TO-WEAR**

65 Grosvenor Street, W.1

JEAN ALLEN & PEGGY ALLEN

14 Cavendish Place, W.1

JULIAN ROSE

52 South Molton Street, W.1

LESLIE KAYE at**HARRY B. POPPER**

19-20 Grosvenor Street, W.1

LINZI

48 Poland Street, W.1

LONDON TOWN DRESSES

6 Conduit Street, W.1

MARCUS & MARCUSA

293 Regent Street, W.1

MATITA

43 Conduit Street, W.1

NABRE MODELS & NABRETTA

12/14 Argyll Street, W.1

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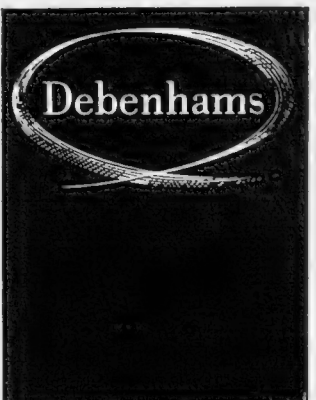
Jean Desses at

Superb shaping is the essence of this Jean Desses suit.

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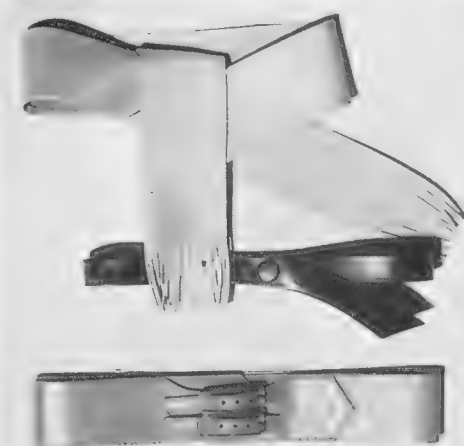


Henrietta Place, behind Marshall & Snelgrove, has one of the most modern rows of boutiques in London. One of them, Cassetta, specializes in top quality Italian knitwear like this heavy-knit sweater in brown, black and white stripes with a black collar, price: 9 gns. Other boutiques are: Fiona (lingerie and ready-to-wear clothes), Jane Antony (Continental and English separates), Vedette (made-to-measure tailoreds), Chanda (elegant Italian shoes exclusive to them), Lenor (English and Italian day, evening and cocktail handbags), Bond (men's shop, including made-to-measure shirts), Howard Phillips (antique glass not later than Georgian but going back to Roman and Egyptian) and The Flower Centre

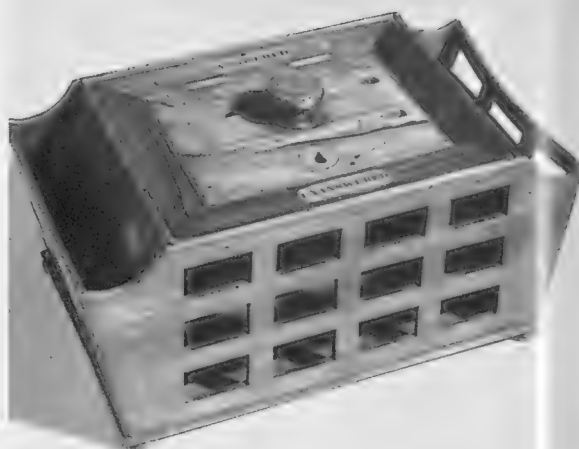
COUNTER SPY *calls at boutiques*

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD

MICROFILM BY PRISCILLA CONRAN



Soho is becoming a popular centre for boutiques, exclusive dressmakers and tailors. Gino, in Lowndes Court (off Carnaby Street), specializes in belts—leather, suede, skin or material made to order, copied from photographs or sketches, or adapted old ones. Shown above are some examples, a tied and fringed beige leather belt, 42s. 6d.; slim black buttoned leather belt, 47s. 6d.; buckled and saddle-stitched pigskin belt, 50s. Gino also makes buttons and handbags. Beauchamp Place is another fascinating place for gay boutiques, antiques and unusual services. The wood-carving (below) is from Geoffrey Van at number 10, who until recently only specialized in antique porcelain (particularly monkeys) but now has all sorts of carved wood—from ornate strips to decorate a bookcase to wall-brackets and console tables. He can bleach wood to amazing colours, convert carvings into table bases or pelmets and also has a large stock of old door furniture, fingerplates and door handles



St. Christopher's Place (between Wigmore and Barrett Street), once the haunt of Irish expatriates, is now a lane of antique shops. One side, dating back to 1780, has three of the oldest-established shops—A. Cook (Regency specialists), Talbot (all periods) and Griffiths (who concentrate on furniture, mantelpieces and grates). On the other, rebuilt, side of the lane is Lipitch, opened two years ago, who specialize in English and Continental porcelain. They also have some 18th-century furniture, including this Regency rosewood letter rack, inlaid with mother of pearl. Price: about £22

Intelligence Report

WALTON STREET, NEAR BEAUCHAMP PLACE, IS FULL OF small antique shops, interior decorators and boutiques. Two newcomers, who both do made-to-measure clothes, are DORIANO, at number 162, and LA PIQÛRE, at number 82. Dorianio is run by a Venetian whose stock of fabrics for cocktail and evening dresses exhibits his townsmen's love of rich colour and texture. Dorianio makes suits, dresses, and coats to his own or customers' design or from sketches and photographs. His tailoring is excellent and great care is taken to make sure every garment fits perfectly. There is also a large selection of tweeds for coats and suits. Prices: coats from 25 gns.; evening dresses from 22 gns.; slacks from 5 gns. La Piquère is the brain-child of Mrs. Player. Her workrooms are equipped to do remodelling and altering. They also make to measure dressmaker suits, dresses, jackets and coats, as well as evening and cocktail dresses. They prefer customers to bring own materials. Prices: cocktail dress about 20 gns., dress and jacket about 25 gns.

THEATRE



Anthony Cookman

A joke that misses the point

THE LITTLE MORE, THE LITTLE LESS and how much it is: sufficient to turn elegant writing for the stage, even though done with relish, into pretentious tosh. Miss Enid Bagnold employs words as though she took a deep personal pleasure in seeing them form lovely arabesques, and in *The Chalk Garden* she contrived to shape her arabesques into high artificial comedy which delighted audiences on both sides of the Atlantic.

Its successor, *The Last Joke*, at the Phoenix, is merely a fearful illustration of the dangers of her kind of play-writing. She misses her aim completely, and not even a cast led by Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson and directed by Mr. Glen Byam Shaw can conceal the fact that in this instance a miss is as good as a mile. The story she tells just doesn't make sense. Quite unaccountably she has failed to supply it with joints, and obviously obligatory scenes are simply not there. All we get are a dazzling display of social splendour and a great deal of elegant talk.

Two Rumanian princes and one self-made millionaire figure in this tale, and everything about them is as handsome as handsome can be. The Gielgud prince is a wonderful fellow. Like Aristotle, he rates magnificence high among the virtues, he is a most accomplished hoaxer and so great a mathematician that by abstruse calculations he has established to his own satisfaction the nature of life after death. He has all the courage of the born aristocrat. He wishes to put his mathematical theory to the practical test and at once to shuffle himself off this mortal coil into immortality.

Only one thing holds him up. His hero-worshipping younger brother, the Robert Flemyng prince, swears that if Ferdinand commits

suicide he, Hugo, will do the same. The Gielgud prince feels a certain intellectual irritation with his brother's refusal to let him travel alone, but he is fond of the boy and on his account postpones his departure. We cannot but suspect that there is something not quite healthy in the relations of the brothers, especially as Hugo is always repelling the passionate approaches of a young girl.

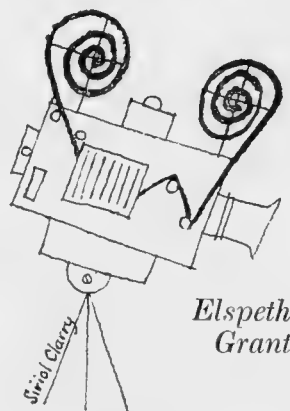
But if nothing is said to clear up this suspicion, neither is anything said to confirm it. In fact while the Gielgud prince goes off (disguised as a Levantine art dealer complete with fez and fake whiskers) to steal from the millionaire art collector a picture of his mother stolen from his Rumanian castle years ago, the younger brother gradually ceases to play an active part in the story. All we gather is that the girl's wooing goes like a house on fire off stage. When the Gielgud prince has gathered so much and knows that his brother has something to live for, he delays his departure from this world no longer. He puts a pistol to his head. He does it calmly, because there is no other way to do it.

This slender anecdote of the single-minded mathematician is distended by a central act of what seems to be a reminiscence of Anthony Hope romance. The prince for some wholly obscure reason determines to get hold of his mother's portrait from the millionaire collector's Gothic castle. When he has found the picture he doesn't seem to want it, but the inexplicable quest brings in Sir Ralph Richardson as the millionaire whose sensuous pleasure in luxuries tells us that he is self-made.

Sir Ralph, of course, shows consummate control of his material. He makes us see how inwardly ill at ease is the man who commands millions, and how acutely he senses the contrast between himself and the self-assured prince in disguise. And in a later scene he makes a poignant effect with the sordid history of his life—though what this history has to do with the rest of the play is clean beyond conjecture.

The acting as a whole makes the oddest impression. Sir John and Sir Ralph seem happy enough giving bravura performances of parts which possibly strike them as fantastically thin. Mr. Flemyng and Miss Anna Massey appear lost but keep their self-possession, and Mr. Ernest Thesiger and Miss Hazel Terry are content to act impeccably line by line what is given them to say without attempting to look beneath the lines for characters which are simply not there. Altogether, a queer evening.

CINEMA



Dinner with the Morlocks

MR. GEORGE PAL HAS DIRECTED *The Time Machine* with loving care and close attention to period detail, and seems sincerely to share the view of Mr. H. G. Wells, on whose novel the film is based, that unless humanity takes itself severely in hand it will come to no good end. I am of the same opinion—but I confess I was shocked at Mr. Pal's (or would it be Mr. Wells's?) prediction that the great atomic war which is to wipe away our present civilization will be upon us in 1966. That is, as the song says, too close for comfort—to put it mildly.

It is on New Year's Eve, 1900, that George, "the time traveller" (Mr. Rod Taylor), sets off in his time machine to explore the future. He is depressed, poor dear, because there is a war on—the Boer War—and he hopes to find a world at peace in the years ahead. He has the darnedest luck: his first stop is 1917, his second 1940—and wars still rage, growing bigger and beastlier as science lends a hand. He presses gloomily on—to witness the total destruction of London by nuclear weapons in 1966.

Now understandably disgusted at the criminal folly of mankind, George sends his time machine whizzing through the centuries—and lands in the remote year, A.D. 802,701, among a race of people called the Eloi who appear to live the lives of Lotus-eaters in an earthly paradise.

They are all young, blonde and beautiful—and utterly stupid and insensitive. They have no regard for human life and no interest in anything. What is the matter with them—why have they allowed all scientific knowledge to be forgotten? Weena (Mlle. Yvette Mimieux), the prettiest little dumb-blonde Eloi maiden in the new world, tries to explain to George.

The Eloi, he gathers, are com-

pletely dominated by a horrid breed of monsters called the Morlocks who dwell underground. These creatures feed the Eloi and from time to time summon a batch of them to the subterranean depths, apparently to be devoured. At any rate, no Eloi has ever returned from the Morlocks' dark domain—which accounts for the absence of any old people.

George is appalled and is for rousing the apathetic Eloi to attack their sinister masters. When he finds, to his horror, that the Morlocks have stolen his precious time machine, he decides to go it alone. His scary adventures with the weirdies in the bowels of the earth will delight Junior—and undeniably Senior though I am, I must say I, too, thoroughly enjoyed the film which (apart from that awful prophecy of imminent doom) is consistently entertaining.

The bland, imperishable charm of Mr. Bing Crosby makes *High Time* worth a visit: it enables him to carry off without loss of dignity situations that could have been embarrassing or even painful. As a millionaire widower, the father of two objectionable grown-up children, Mr. Crosby at the age of 51 looks back over his life and regrets that he has always been too busy making money to acquire a higher education. Still, he feels, it is never too late—and without more ado he enrolls as a student at Pinehurst College.

His three room-mates there—Messrs. Richard Beyner, Patrick Adiarte and the pop-singer known as Fabian—soon grow quite fond of the old boy. So does his French professor, a charming widow, Mlle. Nicole Maurey, who has clearly been planted in the piece to supply a little adult romantic interest.

As the film, which is necessarily episodic, follows Mr. Crosby's progress through college to a triumphal graduation, you cannot but fall for his easy good-humour—and you will have to admit that nobody could have handled with more tact and hilarious effect the outrageous scenes in which, to qualify for a fraternity membership, he is forced to appear at a local ball in a crinoline gown and a blonde wig.

If you are not a mite weary of the troubles of teenagers driven to delinquency by unfeeling parents, you may care to take a look at *After School*—a rather commonplace German film which, for some unfathomable reason, comes to us in a dubbed French version with English subtitles.

To prove themselves something or other, a gang of youths take to petty pilfering. What starts as a game develops into a serious

business and contact with a receiver of stolen goods involves them in major burglaries. The climax of the film is a murder—which seemed to me to have been tacked on purely for sensational reasons and, as it was not committed by any of the youths, has little or nothing to contribute to a serious discussion of the problem of juvenile delinquency.

Though not quite down to beatnik level, the German teenagers appear to be a fairly unpleasant and amoral lot—given on the male side to bullying, and on

the female side to stripping off their clothes in company at the drop of a hat.

From what one gathers of Dr. David Livingstone from the 30-minute documentary, *A Man Of Certain Glory*, I rather wonder whether he deserves that title. A missionary who regards the twin pillars of civilization as Christianity and Commerce and is bent on spreading the Gospel through Darkest Africa because "where Christianity comes, Commerce follows" is not really *my* man.

should have been done earlier by a plate.

The child, who knew by heart how every picture was painted and which Pre-Raphaelite was at odds with which, sadly lacked clothes and food and companionship, and at the age of 17 was pursuing a secretarial course on a shilling a day provided by her grandmother and living mostly by candlelight in the attic, with a hostile rocking horse and a gramophone that she was permitted to play in no other part of the house.

The marvellous part about this funny and terrifying book—apart from the fact that it is so dashingy written, with verve and wit and ceaseless astonishing conversation—is the way in which it conveys, with precision and complete lack of sentimentality, a child's capacity for survival.

The youthful Diana apparently accepted alarming conditions and advanced eccentricity—as most children indeed probably would—without much objection. Love, especially her love for the impossible Mrs. H.-H., runs parallel with an uneasy suspicion of not being wanted, of even being drowned in the bucket where she once found dead kittens. She must have been a highly gifted, tenacious and self-reliant child, with quick eyes and ears and vast adaptability.

Her maternal grandfather, who comes over adorably, quotes "If I laugh at any mortal thing, 'tis that I may not weep," and that goes for the whole book. It is gay and full of life, yet I found it profoundly alarming.

The frontispiece shows the aged Mr. and Mrs. Holman-Hunt leaving a Royal Garden party and is as rum and magnificent as the text itself, which is saying something.

Lt.-Gen. Sir Brian Horrocks adds his contribution to the now imposing military memoirs list with *A Full Life* (Collins, 25s.). It seems to me that whenever yet another Top Brass autobiography emerges, everyone becomes unduly agitated and starts exploring all the retired military

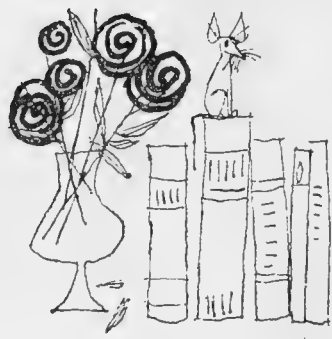
chaps to go back to market gardening and leave well alone. This seems to me vaguely unfair, as there is no reason why a general should not put pen to paper any more than an actor or a publisher or a far-flung anthropologist. General Horrocks's book is, in fact, magically easy reading, told at a cracking pace in the manner of entertaining after-dinner conversation, and seemed to me to reveal a sharpish and perceptive eye behind the jolly character-actor exterior.

He is constantly surprised and delighted with the way things turn out—not least with his newer rôles as Black Rod and TV personality—he is modest and enormously unpompous, the early Russian chapters are enthralling, and quite often one comes across a real unflawed gem, such as the traumatizing story of the distinguished cavalry commander who wrote a brief secret report on a junior colleague, "I would hesitate to breed from this officer." General Horrocks is a card, and comes whizzing out of his memoirs with vast gusto. (As usual, the star rôle is in fact played by Montgomery, the enigmatic Tiny Terror of our age.)

Two little sadnesses from show-business: *My Father Charlie Chaplin* (Longmans, 25s.) is a rather melancholy, dim, and curiously vacant book by Charles Chaplin, Jr., and N. & M. Rau, collaborators who keep making me think nervously of "What is your name, M or N?" I have, like all the rest of us, been endlessly curious to discover something more about Chaplin, a figure I have never been able to find particularly sympathetic on or off the screen, but this book seems dogged by timid and conventionally correct attitudes. Every now and then you think you catch the mutter of unease in the background, like a distant avalanche, but the good acceptable stuff quickly takes over again. The jacket bears an ink-sketch of The Tramp, with bowler, curls and moustache and no face at all. That's the way I see it too.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

BOOKS



Siriol Hugh-Jones

Pre-Raphaelite twilight

THERE WAS THE TIME WHEN EVERYONE seemed to be writing a novel. The new thing nowadays is the autobiography, which may happen in instalments (I am still hopeful of further volumes from Augustus John and Victor Gollancz), or maybe a rattling good yarn from someone who is a Personality of Our Times, or may even be written by a writer, which is getting rarer every minute but still makes the best kind of book.

My favourite Early Life of the week—the author calls it "a venture in autobiography—true in

essence, but not in detail"—is an enchanting and frequently scary account of surely one of the weirdest childhoods imaginable. It is Diana Holman-Hunt's story of her existence in the alternative households of her grandmothers, *My Grandmothers and I* (Hamish Hamilton, 21s.).

Her mother's mother wore diamond rings, rang bells for servants to attend to this and that, and only cared for people who "uttered" amusingly. Grandmother Holman-Hunt, growing steadily dottier through the years, lived in a dusty dream of Pre-Raphaelite glory, surrounded by Titians, Tintoretos, Van Dykes, any number of Holman-Hunts, a great deal of money stashed away in crumbling drawers, and the properties and fancy-dresses once used by those who were being immortalized as Ophelia or the Lady of Shalott (Tennyson was cross because the poem had nothing in it about untidy hair or muddled silks).

In the great grim cockroachy house in Melbury Road Mrs. H.-H.'s only granddaughter was fed stale fish and bad eggs and dressed in a number of startling and unsuitable costumes, including a yashmak on the occasion of her having desperately visited the dentist on her own initiative and had four teeth pulled out in an attempt—belated but fortunately effective—to do the work that

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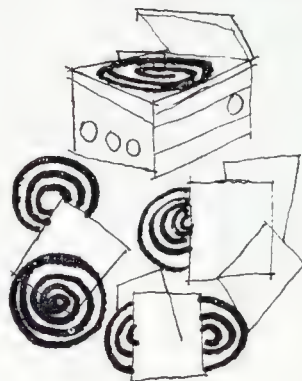
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VERDICTS continued

And Miss Mae West, lying in bed in a tidal wave of white satin on her jacket and looking at herself with a voracious smile in a handmirror, is the author of *Goodness Had Nothing to Do With It* (W. H. Allen, 25s.). If you ever thought Miss West witty, now is the time to find out otherwise. This is an unexpectedly heavy, even sombre

book, which reveals among other things that Miss West regards sex as good, healthful therapy, eats no fried food and no fats, likes taming tigers, was in the habit of massaging her bust with cocoa butter every night ("and sometimes in the morning too"), and has complete confidence in Dr. Carlyle Immerman, her family physician. And jolly good luck too.

RECORDS



Gerald Lascelles

Some sounds of survival

ON THE FACE OF IT THE TRADITIONAL scene in Britain has never been healthier. The fans have never had it better, the bands have never had so much work, and I doubt whether there have ever been so many bands. Trombonist Chris Barber has been at the forefront of the revival movement on this side of the Atlantic for more than five years, so it is appropriate that Decca, the company who first recorded him under contract, should reissue an album of his 1954-55 works (ACL1037). The musicians were immature, their performances sometimes crude and lacking in polish.

Today Barber's band is established, and can afford to experiment. Their best record to date forms a set of historic rags, titled *Elite syncopations* (33SX1245). Apart from the value of preserving an audible interpretation of this music, the album proves the ability of Chris himself, who multi-tapes the trombone parts up to four times on some tracks.

The danger is that these pieces, and the works of Mr. Acker Bilk in his latest album, *Acker* (SCX 3321), may become regarded as standard interpretations of traditional, i.e. New Orleans, jazz. Their true relationship is as copies of the American revivalist bands, which in turn had borrowed and adapted from the original jazz which was made in the Deep

South. You may think that my point is purely a matter of technicalities, but the purist will understand that there is an important and subtle difference. It is as if you were told to learn to paint, and rushed off to copy an engraving of an Old Master instead of squatting on a stool at the Louvre, clutching a palette whilst you reproduced your direct impression of the same picture.

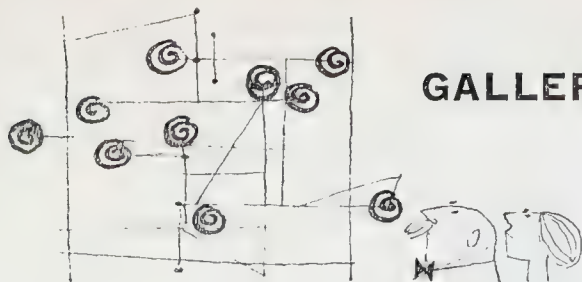
Loss of identity is only one of the problems which faces jazz when it is thus treated. George Lewis, who grew up in the immediate precincts of New Orleans and contemporarily with that vast musical eruption which was to become known as jazz, has become regarded as one of the doyens of the revival movement. He works closely to the originators' intentions, but would be the first to admit that his band does not offer carbon copies of what was played in the dance halls and street parades of 40 years ago. His *Blues from the bayou* (CS 01300) unwittingly passes a biting comment on the work of his British counterparts. For the British bands to make even a modest contribution to jazz they must kick themselves out of the rut into which they have blown themselves and their followers.

A different sort of revival took place last year when that master of the snug epithet, Eddie Condon, took one of his more enthusiastic bands into the studio to revive *That toddlin' town* (WS8009). It is a complete remake of the tunes recorded by the historical Chicagoans of the '20s, subsequently made into the first album of jazz. Both Condon and drummer George Wettling can unashamedly admit to having performed on the two earlier sessions. Bud Freeman and Pee Wee Russell were also around, to add to the front line which already boasts the horns of Max Kaminsky and Cutty Cutshall. Both belong to a slightly later vintage.

This is a record to take home with you and enjoy; first for the sheer exuberance of their playing; second for the graceful and understanding recapitulation of the basic feeling that went into the making of this Chicago style of jazz more than 30 years ago. Condon and his gang need fear no accusation of phoney affectation—they still seem to feel the same way about the roisterous music they used to play.

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GALLERIES

Alan
Roberts

Corrida at Sotheby's

TONIGHT AT NINE-THIRTY 29 paintings and drawings by Picasso come under the hammer at Sotheby's. Many of them are early works, two or three of them are fairly important works and all of them come from the collection of Jacques Sarlie, of New York, who is also selling some Braques, Modiglianis, Gris, Rouaults and Soutines.

Evening sales are a comparatively recent innovation at Sotheby's and all of those held so far have been remarkable for the total sums they have realized. There is an atmosphere about them that smacks of an indoor *corrida*. Not more than two or three in a hundred of the people who attend have the intention (or the means?) to bid for anything. They are there to enjoy vicariously the brief agony and defeat or triumph of the rival bidders.

Tonight that atmosphere is likely

to be intensified. The enormous publicity boost given to Picasso by the Tate exhibition is bound to have a considerable effect upon prices, but (and I realize this is a late hour to be sticking out my neck) the talk of record-breaking seems to me absurd. Indeed, if it proves otherwise, I shall be more than ever disgusted by and convinced of the obscene commercialism that obtains in the world of art dealers. For the Picasso record is the £55,000 paid for *La belle Hollandaise* in the same saleroom last year, and there is nothing of Picasso's in tonight's sale approaching the quality of that masterpiece. The Blue Period *Femme accroupie*, for instance, although typical, is not one of the more affecting of that period.

The nude *La gommeuse*, painted a year earlier (1902), is colourful but the figure, with its great drooping breasts, is ugly by con-

ventional standards of beauty. *Femme assise dans un fauteuil* is an interesting traditional work between the Negro and Cubist phases but hardly a picture for a millionaire to fall in love with.

From an aesthetic point of view (and that is what will matter most in the very long run) I would gladly exchange any of these three for Rouault's *Profil de femme*, Modigliani's *Madame Lunia Czechowska*, Braque's *Nature morte* or Soutine's *L'homme aux rubans*, all of which are also in the sale.

But Picasso is Picasso and plenty of people with more money than aesthetic sensibility will pay a hundred guineas simply for his autograph. Tonight, no doubt, thousands of guineas will be paid for "drawings" that are really no more than comic doodles.

There has never been anything like it before. I hope there will never be anything like it again.

Prunella Clough, whose retrospective exhibition now fills the concrete tundra of the Whitechapel Gallery, is an unusual artist and, I suspect, an unusual woman. Her choice of subjects alone is a vigorous refutation of any cosy, reactionary idea of a feminine art.

Hung in roughly chronological order, her pictures reveal the consistent pursuit of a personal vision expressed always with restraint and without any concessions to spectators, dealers or collectors. Her reticence is probably the main

reason why we have seen nothing of her work for seven years, during which, like so many of her contemporaries, she has moved towards abstraction. But whereas other artists have gone abstract overnight as a reaction against realism, Prunella Clough has moved towards it as the result of a ceaseless search for the basic shapes and patterns at the heart of our machine-dominated urban existence.

After the early East Anglian fishing scenes, where men, nets, fish, baskets, birds, sky and sea are united into an angular overall pattern, she turned her attention to the industrial scene with its cranes and derricks, cooling towers and slag heaps, girders and electrical plant. Now, closing in like a dolly-ing camera, she concentrates her sights on a wheel or a sandbin, on piles of wire scrap or bales of paper, on the ooze of chemical waste or the intricacy of a transformer, trying to find in each the patterns that are their visual essence.

On the face of it this may seem a curious world for a woman and Miss Clough's palette of sober colours and low tones does nothing to dispel this feeling. But her intimate approach to her subjects and her detachment from their mechanical functions are feminine. So, too, it might be argued, is the way in which she paints men whose identities are submerged in their machines or inseparable from the rubbish they create.

And no wonder!

Deceptively simple hairstyles pass in and out of the House of Spiers all day—every day.

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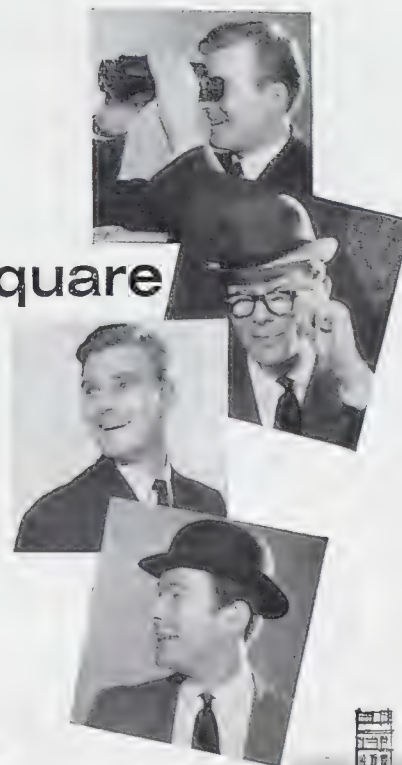
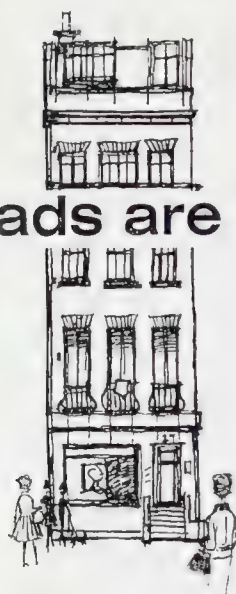
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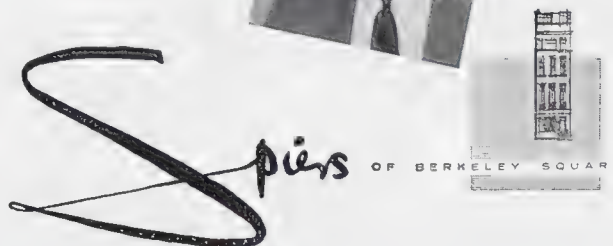
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GOOD LOOKS

BY

ELIZABETH
WILLIAMSON

RUSH ON GOLD: a razzle-dazzle array of products to soak skin, lips, hair and eyes in gold. But . . . a little goes a long way. Try it stippled round upper lids or an aura disappearing towards eyebrows . . . a lipstick spangled with gold-dust . . . hair a shade more golden. Dimmed lights play kindly on translucent gilded features, so dip into Revlon's confection *Gold Lamée* for a 22-carat skin after dark. This *Gossamer Tint Nutrient Foundation* doesn't turn you into a golden idol, just merges into skin bringing a shining beauty, muted but stunning. Cast a web of *Gossamer Tint* powder over it. Both come from Revlon's new patent for make-up, the *Ultima* Collection, which rethinks with skins ranging from a green tint to play down high colour to palest blue. Limited to Harrods just now, it will be on general release in the New Year.

For a party sparkle, Charles of the Ritz has mixed a new *Gold Dust* powder to dust over make-up, plus gold eye shadow, plus three new gold-flecked lipsticks—

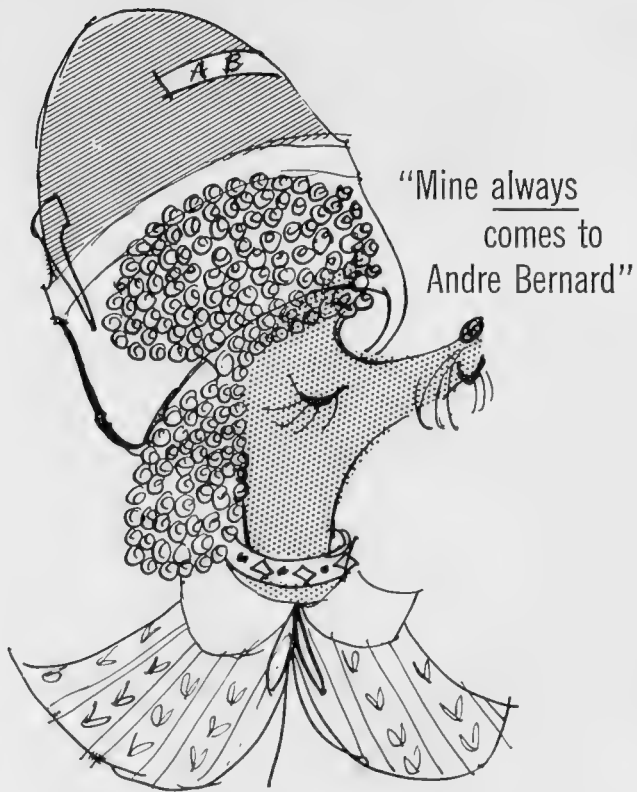
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GOLD RUSH

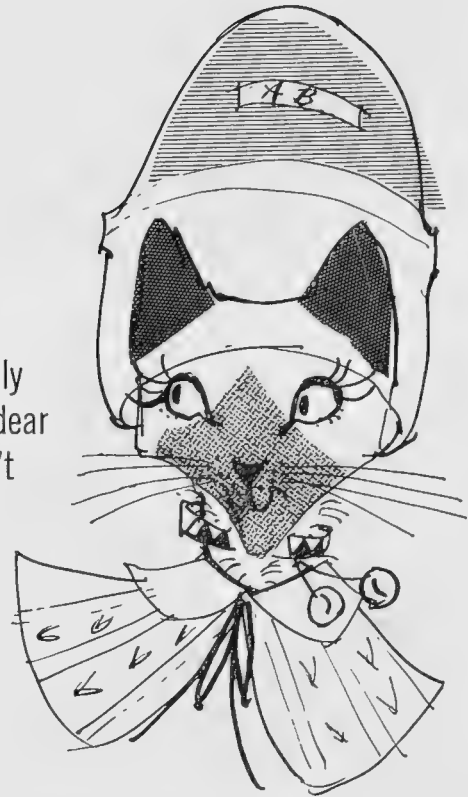
Coral, Red and Rose; all on sale at the end of the month. **Golden Investments:** **Yardley's** *Florentine* golden compact is cast in the same mould as their *Florentine* lipstick and its flawless design lives up to the impeccable *Feather Pressed* powder inside (on sale next week). **Gala** have a gold theme too—*Gold* eye shadow, *Burnished Gold* nail polish and *Golden Mutation* skin tone.

All that glitters in the picture: **Yardley** *Florentine* compact, **John Corneli's** *Shimmy Shingle* on pale hair, **Charles of the Ritz** gold dusted lipsticks in a G-shape written with their *Gold Dust* powder, **Revlon's** *Gossamer Tint Nutrient Foundation* and *Face Powder* in *Gold Lamée* from the *Ultima* Collection, finally **Charles of the Ritz** *Gold* eye shadow.

PRISCILLA CONRAN



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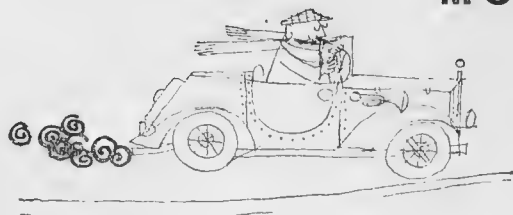
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MOTORING



Gordon
Wilkins

They get better all the time

AS THE MOTOR SHOW APPROACHES, a number of manufacturers have released details of improvements to existing models which ensure easier driving, better braking or improved steering and roadholding.

Vauxhall, who have not previously offered an automatic transmission, are now fitting an entirely new one as an option on the Velox and Cresta. Designed in Detroit by the transmissions division of General Motors specially for cars of this size, it is developed from the famous Hydra-Matic already in service in millions of cars. But it is lighter and more compact. It adds only 30 lb. to the weight of a Velox. It has three forward speeds and reverse, with a fluid coupling to ensure a smooth getaway. But as the coupling is in effect a limited-range torque converter, first gear is a variable ratio, giving a greater margin to cope with difficult conditions and ensure a fast getaway from the traffic lights. All gear changes are made smoothly by hydraulic power and full engine braking is obtainable for long descents.

Ford (who already offer an automatic transmission for the Zephyr and Zodiac) have cashed in on their rally experience by offering Girling disc brakes as an option on the front wheels of Zephyr, Zodiac and Consul, at £29 15s. including tax. Furthermore, owners of existing cars will be able to obtain disc-brake sets at about £32 for fitting by their local dealers. To keep down the effort required from the driver, the system has a vacuum servo.

The most obvious change on the Humber Super Snipe for 1960 is a new front end with four headlamps, but behind it there are many mechanical improvements to improve roadholding and extend engine life. The flow of oil through the engine has been increased and main bearings are now of highly resistant lead indium. A larger fan with fewer blades gives better cooling margins with less noise and there is a new air cleaner and silencer for the carburettor with a quick-change paper filter element. The synchromesh in the gearbox has been improved and the springs

at front and rear are modified to give a smoother ride and better roadholding. A longer accelerator is fitted, with a more progressive linkage—an important item on a powerful car—and interior trim has been improved.

Rover have made detail changes to the trim of the 3-litre and make things much easier for women drivers by offering power-assisted steering. The servo mechanism is hydraulic and is neatly built into the steering box. Unlike some other manufacturers, Rover have taken full advantage of the easier steering to reduce the number of turns required at the steering wheel. Only 2½ turns are now needed to go from lock to lock, but a variable-ratio feature is incorporated so that the steering will not feel too sensitive when travelling fast on straight roads.

On the accessory side the most remarkable gimmick to emerge so far is a radio set built into the driving mirror. It is the Murphy Voxson. The loudspeaker and the transistor output end of the set are mounted separately, but the rest of the set, with the tuning knobs and dial, is built into a housing behind the driving mirror, which also contains the aerial. It is secured to the windscreen by a suction cup. Price, £21.

Voxson are an Italian firm who have produced a number of original ideas in car radio. This one seems to simplify installation at the cost of extra obstruction to the driving vision. And I personally would not care to have a passenger obscuring the view through the driving mirror while fiddling with the radio controls. Bad enough to have feminine passengers who cannot resist twisting the mirror round to make a quick check on their make-up the moment one's back is turned!

A more practical Voxson idea which I saw in Italy is a little transistor portable which works off its own batteries or can be clipped into a fitting on the instrument panel, where it takes current from the car's battery and provides a greater volume of distortion-free sound through a loudspeaker mounted on the car.

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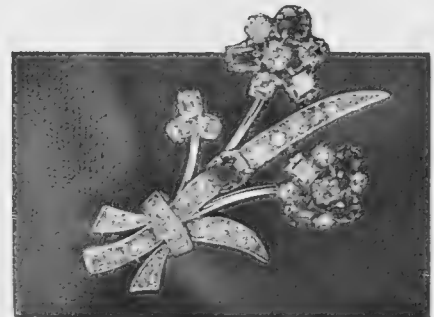
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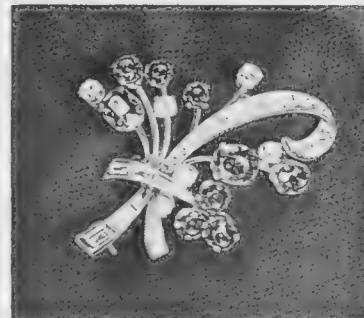
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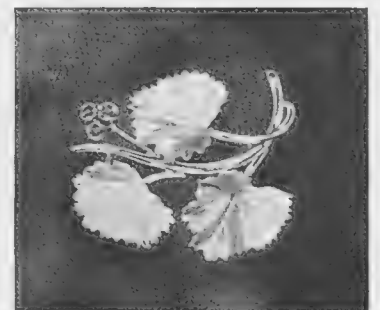
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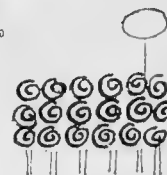
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**MAN'S
WORLD**

David Morton

AMONG THE MANY ESOTERIC products endorsed by Mr. Ian Fleming's James Bond (Amherst Villiers superchargers, Beretta automatics, Taittinger champagne and Wilkinson's throwing knives) are Morland's hand-made cigarettes. Bond carries 50 of their Balkan & Turkish mixture, each marked with three thin gold stripes, in a flat, light gunmetal box. Another fictional character of earlier vintage, Raffles the gentleman safe-cracker, preferred a Sullivan. This is a fat, delicately blended, fastidiously-made cigarette, devoid of marking and advertised by word of mouth.

Cigarettes can be made to suit any whim and Sullivan, Powell of Burlington Arcade and Morland's of Grosvenor Street are two of the specialist shops that cater to the sort of individualist that rejects the machine-made (even though, as both concerns admit, the machine-made cigarette today has reached near perfection). Some nine-tenths of hand-made cigarettes are made of Oriental tobacco leaf—a much smaller leaf than the Virginian variety, and more delicate. It can easily be damaged by machine handling, and it is in Oriental cigarettes that the hand-made product is still superior. The different leaves, splendidly named—Xanthi, Zichna, Yenedji, Mahalla—are selected to conform with a desired flavour and strength.

At Sullivan, Powell Mr. Barber serves you. A carved mahogany breakfront bookcase stands behind him, stocked with boxes of cigarettes—25s, 50s and 100s in many blends and sizes. Some are still sold in tins of Edwardian opulence—"The last of the Mohicans, I'm afraid." They are being replaced by cardboard boxes of similar design but less charm. Mr. Barber has the generous custom of offering his customers a cigarette on the house and several who came to order 100 were asked: "Would you like to make it a hundred and one?" He told me that most of the cigarettes he sells are of Oriental blend. "To those who smoke 'Turks,' the difference between the Oriental cigarette and the 'gasper,'" he said, "is like the difference between caviar and bloater paste. If I offered pieces of toast covered with caviar and bloater paste to people in the street, I'd wager eight out of ten would choose the bloater paste."

Still, he sells an excellent large Virginian cigarette for 31s. a 100. These are the only ones with markings on them: "Private Stock,"

nothing more. Mr. Barber introduced me to the pleasures of the Orient. He offered me a "Turco." "Don't," he said, "mistake character for strength." Good advice. The "Turco" is of medium strength with a wonderful aroma. It is strong enough to satisfy a palate accustomed to Virginia tobacco, and costs 29s. 3d. for 100.

I must add that Mr. Barber has succeeded in producing a Turkish cigarette with a filter tip that doesn't impair the flavour; that he is delighted to honour standing orders from people who live outside London; and that he is the master of the neatly-tied plain brown paper parcel with a loop of string for the finger—perhaps the only parcel that can be carried past the Burlington Arcade's beadle without flinching.

At Morland's Miss Julie serves you, and you might see cigarettes being made in the window. Express your interest and she may get down a box of Ian Fleming's cigarettes to show you. He shares James Bond's taste—"Three stripes to show his rank in the Royal Navy," explained Miss Julie. I was shown pale yellow Russians with the imperial eagle on them, longer ones with a gold-tipped mouthpiece but no eagle (23s. 100) and fat Virginian De Luxe in finely-striped rice paper (27s. 6d. 100). There are also strongly flavoured cigarettes made from Havana leaf. These defeated me utterly, but are chosen by an elderly lady who smokes several hundred a week.

For an initial outlay of about £3 you can have your cigarette marked with crest, monogram or initials. Miss Julie is too discreet to mention any names, but showed me some splendidly personal examples. One package held cobalt-blue cigarettes with a gold leaf tip.

Other firms still making cigarettes by hand in the West End are Landaw's of Eagle Place, off Piccadilly, and Simmons in Burlington Arcade. Fribourg & Treyer's hand-made Rasp & Crown have been discontinued. One other leading tobacconist I approached admitted making hand-made cigarettes but preferred not to discuss it. They were sold to elderly clients who insisted on having them; the conversation was steered discreetly to cigars. I can only say that Fidel Castro is being watched as closely from Jermyn Street as from the White House or the Kremlin. Doing without sugar is one thing; doing without Havana cigars is quite another.



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DINING IN

Helen Burke

Making more of mussels

HAD ESCOFFIER, WHOSE INFLUENCE is still with us, approved of mussels in their own right instead of using them merely as a garnish, we would probably have made much more of them. *Moules Marinière* and *Moules Poquette*, as well as mussel soup, are well known, but there are many other mussel dishes which are equally good.

For individual servings, scallop shells or imitation ones of china or oven glass are excellent, and in some cases can well replace the mussel shells themselves. For instance, for one presentation, we are instructed to remove the cooked mussels from their shells, place

some sauce or other in half of them, replace the mussels, top them with more sauce and pop them into the oven for just long enough to colour the surface.

I see no reason why, instead of using half a dozen or more half shells per person, each with an individual mussel in it, we cannot make a similar dish, using 6 to 8 shelled mussels in each sauce-lined scallop or imitation shell, and then proceed as above. One has to remember that the restaurant kitchen has many hands to take over these time-consuming jobs.

MOULES MARINIÈRE: The method of opening the mussels for this dish

can be regarded as that for most other ones. Briefly, this is the routine: First, buy the mussels from a supplier whom you know sells un muddy ones, because not all do. Scrape them and wash them well, discarding any that remain open during this operation. Cover with cold water and leave until you want to use them. Some people "feed" them by adding fine oatmeal to the water, but I am told by authorities that this is useless. I add a little salt to approximate seawater. Just before they are required, pull out the weeds from the mussels.

In a large pan, place a nice nut of butter, a finely chopped shallot, a *bouquet garni* (a piece of bay leaf, a sprig of thyme and 3 to 4 parsley stalks), a little pepper (but no salt, as the mussels themselves are salt enough) and a small glass of dry white wine or water. Bring to the boil, add the well-drained mussels and put the lid on tightly. Give them 3 minutes' boiling, then shake the pan. After 5 minutes, peep. If the shells are open, the mussels are ready. If not, give them another minute, still tightly covered.

Lift out the mussels and remove one half shell from each. Place the remainder in a tureen. Having let the stock rest to settle any possible grit, pour it through a sieve on to the mussels, sprinkle freshly chopped parsley on top and serve crusty French bread with the dish.

Any cold left-over mussels are delicious dressed in mayonnaise, to which a touch of garlic has been added, placed in shell dishes and lightly sprinkled with chopped parsley.

MOULES PILAFF: This becomes much more of a main course, because of the rice. The amounts here are for 4 servings.

Make the pilaff first. Cook 2 sliced small onions for a minute in 2 oz. butter. Add 6 oz. unwashed Patna rice and gently cook it until it looks somewhat clear. Add three times the bulk of stock, which can be made with half a chicken cube and hot water. Bring to the boil. Cover with butter paper and then the lid, then place in the oven for 25 minutes at 350 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 4. By this time, the rice should be cooked, with each grain separate and all the moisture taken up. Fork it around a little.

Cook 2 quarts mussels as for *Moules Marinière* and remove them from their shells. Make about $\frac{3}{4}$ pint sauce with the strained stock, butter, flour and a little cream stirred in at the last minute. Add a little of it to the mussels. Place half the rice in a largish shallow dish, make a depression in the centre and pour the mussels into it. Spoon a little of the sauce over the rice. Cover all with the rest of the rice and pour the remainder of the sauce on top. Sprinkle with a little chopped parsley.

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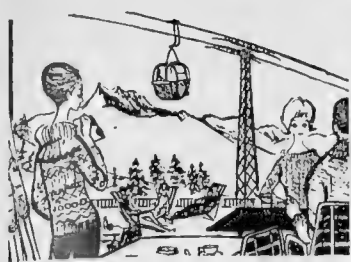
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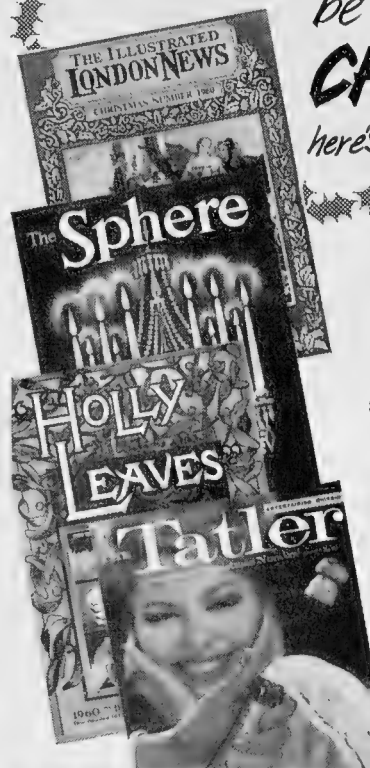
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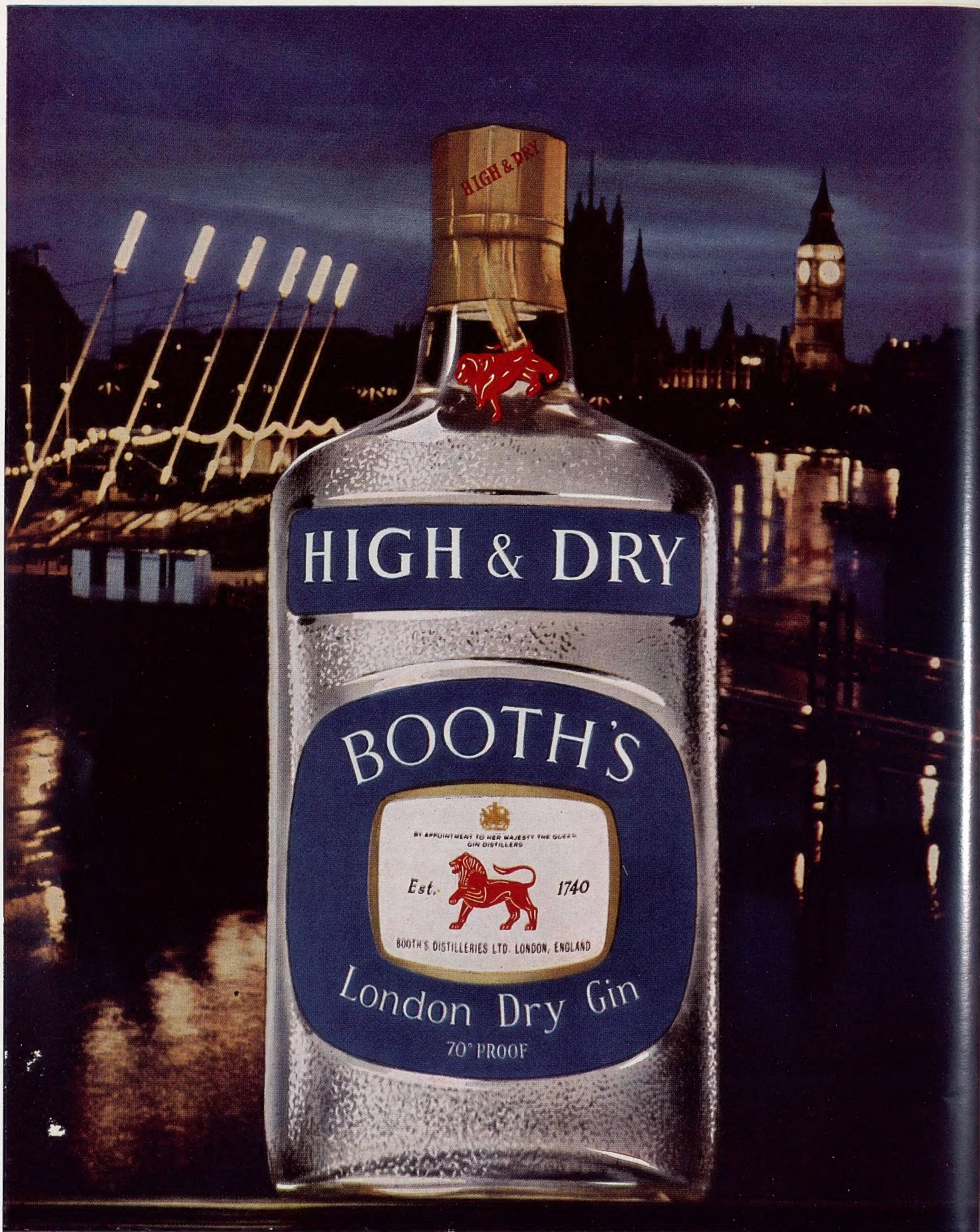
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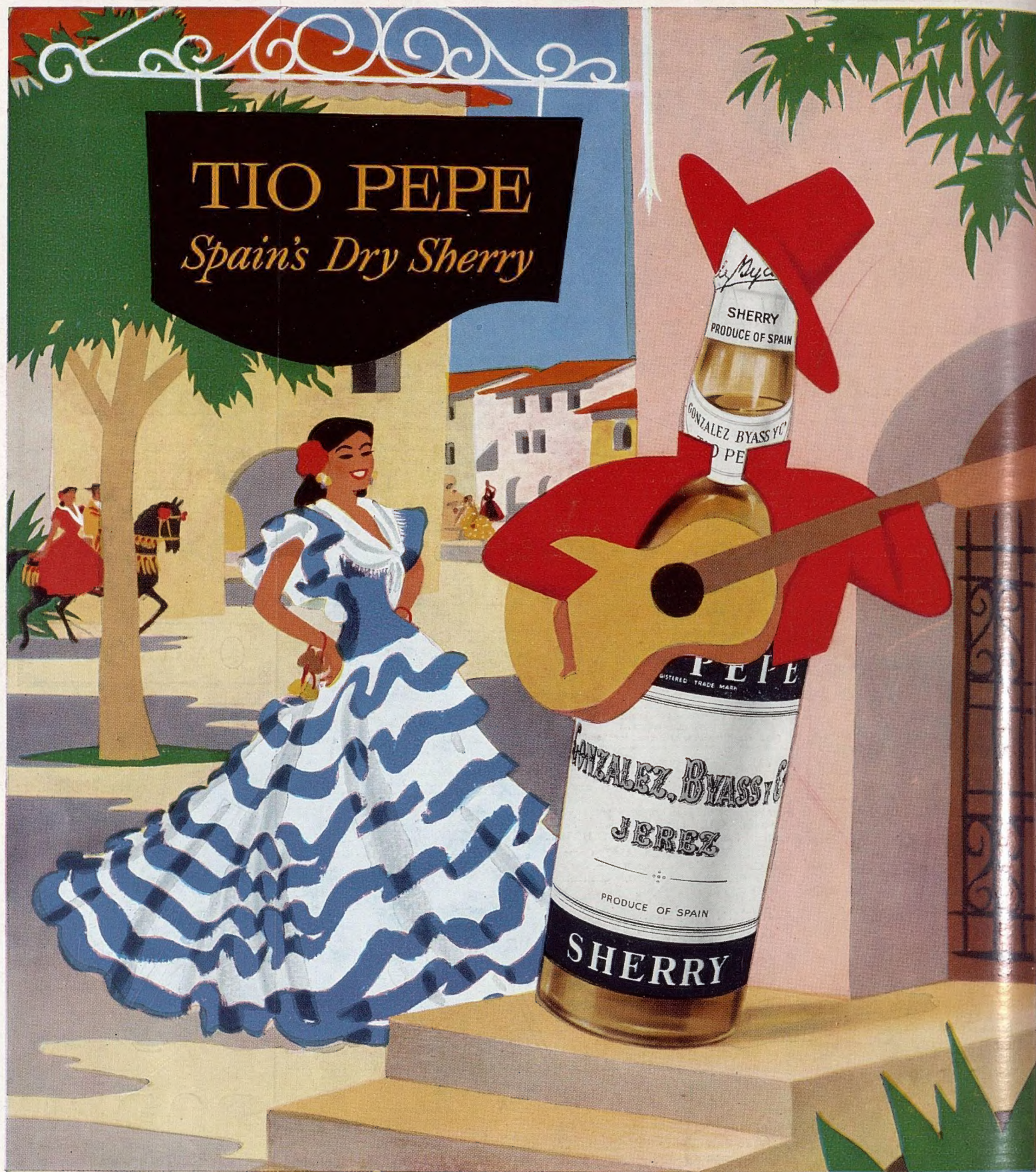
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